OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

THE NEW NORTH.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION.

VOLUME IX. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY AUGUST 13, 1891. NO. 28.

Real Estate Loan and Insurance EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from $100 to $500 each
Also many of the Finest Business Sites.
Time given purchasers who intend building.
Time given purchasers who intend buying.
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Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Car load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Bloser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

TO THE RAINY RIVER.

E. S. SHEPARD'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The Pine is of an Inferior Quality and Hard to Get at the Land is Hardly What has Been Claimed For It.

Leaving Rhinelander at 4:05 a. m. on the M. L. S. & W. Ry, one reaches Duluth at 11 a. m., and at 4 p. m., one can take the train on the Duluth and Iron Range R'y and arrive in Tower at 6:30 the same day. Tower is a village of four or five thousand people, mostly miners, who are working in the Vermilion iron mines, which produce a hard ore but of a good quality and comparatively easily mined. The ore is shipped by rail to Two Harbors on Lake Superior, where the company own large ore docks, and thence east by lake to market. In casting about Tower you will notice that with the exception of two saw mills, that manufacture about 20,000,000 ft. of lumber annually, the business is all mining. Tower is a beautiful town situated on a bay of Lake Vermilion with its thousand rocky islands destined to become a summer resort of more than ordinary note. Several small steamers ply between Tower and points of departure around the lake which is some thirty miles in extent. Our party, which numbered six all told, bought three birch bark canoes and supplies for a month's trip and started down the lake to the outlet, which is a stream six times as large as the Wisconsin at Rhinelander, and called Vermilion river. We were bent on locating some of the pine homesteads that we had heard so much about, on the streams emptying into Rainy River from the American side. Down this stream on both sides we found occasionally a grove of small rough pine. The country is mostly unsurveyed, but every ¼ section containing 300,000 and upward had a good substantial log house on it, and upon the door was recorded the name of some Michigander, or some other gander, and the dates of his semi-annual visits to his claim, showing his intention to hold it down by sundry threats inscribed on the notice as to what he would do with any sucker he should find on his return trying to jump his claim. There are fourteen portages to make around falls and heavy rapids to rough to run with our small birch bark canoes. Finally Cram Lake was reached, where we were obliged to lay up for several hours on account of wind. Here we made another detour through the country, and by climbing a high rocky ledge of granite for about 1500 feet, we had a good view of the country for twenty miles in almost every direction, and discovered that there were more rocks than pine. We decided to move on west down Rainy river. Two more days brought us to Captogoma Lake. The route being among islands and as fine scenery as one would see in any country, we went up some of the rivers into the unsurveyed country where we found considerable pine of an inferior quality, short bodied, limby, ten log timber having the appearance of being thickly timbered, but on counting up the trees on an acre you discover that there are not half the number of trees that the appearance would lead one to suppose. The surface of the ground is covered thickly with brush about twenty feet high and the ground is rough and rocky, which make logging about double the expense as compared with Oneida Co. Then there were always found the inevitable homestead shanties with the different forms of scare notices with the exception of one which was German, and as translated by one of our party, who was of German parentage, it read as follows: "I have been here four months and have lost all of my clothing twice having been attacked by animals resembling large cats. They are about five feet long and three feet high and go armed and in squads and I am going back home because I don't like to live in a country where there are so many big kittles. Signed, August Kinkousfky."

After reading such a notice in German the interpreter wanted to go home too, and when we got back to the lake he enlisted his chum in the same enterprise and did go back to Tower, at least started, and if the big kitties did not get them they are now somewhere on the way between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. On arriving at Fort Francis we found a village which dates its settlement back in 1700, when the once wealthy Hudson Bay Co. made settlement and a big fort and traded with the Indians, and are still there in the same business, occupying buildings that are kept from collapsing by large wooden props, surrounded by heavy stockades, the pickets of which are sharpened timbers pinned to heavy frame work for support.

At this point the Rainy river plunges over a ledge forming a fine water power of perhaps thirty feet fall in thirty rods long. The settlement is all on the Canadian side except one small farm which is owned by an old Indian trader by the name of Alex Baker. This is the only settlement on this side of the boundary line we saw for three hundred miles. The population of Fort Francis numbers about thirty white men, seventy-five French and Scotch Canadians, and several hundred Indians half breeds and four bears.

The next morning after our arrival the steamer Shamrock arrived at the foot of the falls and upon enquiring of the captain we found that he would commence his return trip to Rat Portage that day, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, and we engaged passage and cast loose about 10 a. m. The Shamrock is about 85 feet long and 12 feet beam, made of solid white oak four inches thick, and upper works of heavy hewed timber with whip sawed decking and finishing, but withal a very comfortable conveyance and a change from our frail birch bark craft and continuous paddling. Here we could sit on a chair or bench with feet upon the rail and smoke our pipes filled with Canadian plug and enjoy the delights of a swift current and fast time. At four p. m. we arrived at Big Sioux Rapids and almost before you had time to get a glimpse of the one hundred or more Indian wigwams on the north shore the captain had headed his boat into the foaming rapids yelled to us to hang on to the sucker line, a rope fastened around the cabin which we noticed that the half breed passenger who was on board had already grasped and was ducking his head to avoid the splashing under tow that we were now passing through. We followed suit none too soon and the sinking, rising, tumbling, roaring and twisting of that boat was an experience one will hardly forget; and to cap the climax the pilot was sounding short blasts of the steam whistle which was about the size of a nail keg and could be heard at least forty miles. The captain explained that why he blew the whistle at that time was in order to raise the bodies of passengers who had been drowned in the rapids, and to our astonishment one floater was discovered in the eddy where we had stoped to take on a family of Chippewatinies who was going on a trip because they had the money. The dead man was taken on board and placed on the upper deck and at our suggestion the captain ran ashore a little further down and we got balsam boughs and covered up the corpse and on we went down stream through the Big Sioux Rapids, which are about as bad as the first and two miles long. In navigating up stream the captain told us that the Indians assisted. He carries a line about one and a half inches in diameter and one thousand feet long which he attaches to the boat about three quarters back from the bow and leads the other end to shore where it is grabbed by about fifty or seventy-five savages who all pull for all they are worth on a low path they have cleared along the bank until they are above the rapids in comparatively dead water, and where the propeler can handle the boat alone. For pay the captian throws the Indians a bag of Indian flour and of which they soon make a pudding in order to divide it up. They never have fried pudding because there is never any left. At ten p. m. we tied up for a couple of hours at the boom and the mosquitoes took possession and held it until we started again at daylight. This is twenty miles from the mouth and is where all of the logs are rafted that comes out of the Big and Little Fork rivers and the Rainy Lake country, which all told consist of about thirty-five million feet of common logs which sell to Rat Portage mill men at from eight to twelve dollars per thousand, according to length and quality. The most of these logs are put in under contract by Messrs Loper and Rumsey, of Oshkosh, Wis., and come out of Big Fork river on the American side.

Small farms are scattered all along down the valley of the Rainy on the Canadian side, and with proper tillage would produce good crops as there is a mile or two on each side of the river that has soil enough to hill up potatoes with. Aside from that there is not much soil on the granite rocks that the whole country seems to be paved with. The people engaged in farming are a mixture of French, Irish, Germans and Norwegians very often mixed with Chippewa and Missionary, and their agricultural methods go to show that they know more about fishing and killing moose than they do about farming. Arriving at the mouth of the river with the Great Lake of the Woods opposite the famous Indian gardens so called, surrounding another Hudson Bay trading post. A close observer will notice an increase in Missionery and an American fishing port, where we were told the canned salmon is made out of sturgeon. Fine trout and white fish are also netted on a large scale here and taken to the freezing establishments on Chippewatinny point and prepared for market, thence sent to a point on the Canadian Pacific R'y to Winnepeg, St. Paul and Rhinelander. I have often wondered where the canned salmon came from, but now it is very clear, (mostly clear sturgeon.) The trip across the Lake of the Woods was fine. The course of that trip was near the east shore among hundreds of islands of all manner of appearance, size and shape. Some were solid granite with occasionally a dwarfed, ragged, crooked Norway and a silvery bunch of spruce, and glistening mica which had the appearence of a large ragged mass of granite streaked with quartz and the whole mass studded with diamonds as large as potatoes from Sievwright's homestead. Upon each and all of these Islands the leasses from the government have posted big notices on all approachable landing places forbidding all persons from camping upon them on peril of a fine or imprisonment in one of the Hudson Bay jails, consequently the islands are in a good state of natural appearance. Arriving at Rat Portage we left the boat and camped in a fine grove near the shore and once more our cook prepared us a good meal of fat pork and baking powder biscuits, coffee and boiled rice which was a gratifying change from rare fish, canned beans and squaw bread, and a hard steam boat deck for a bed. Casting about the great city of Rat Portage we find about one thousand inhabitants. There are seven saw mills engaged in the manufacture of the thirty-five million feet of logs that come there in rafts from the upper country, a ten stamp gold mill in charge of an old mining captain by the name of Powers. The quartz is mined at several different places among the islands and along the rocky cuts on the Canadian Pacific Railway where it is conveniently taken out without much expense. The stamp mill runs all the time and does business something in the manner of old time grist mills—some one gets the toll and the other fellow gets the grist. It must be paying well or the intelligent and very courteous Captain Powers would not continue the business. Hundreds of summer tourists were camped around the bay among the scrubby oaks and fir on the rocky cliffs and sloping grassy plats lying between the shore and ledges. These people come from all parts of the country and spend a fine cool vacation here. About the only sounds one hears is the steam whistle that echoes a thousand times against the rocky cliffs of the hundreds of islands in the bay, and the howling of dogs which are kept in great numbers in corrals made on purpose for them in summer to prevent their pilfering from the campers at night. The dogs are kept for use in hauling toboggans in winter time and the wealth of a nation is calculated right the reverse from what it is here by the number of dogs he owns. One very wealthy gentleman of the Obigowa tribes counts a very fine pair of elk, well broken and great travelers in his livery as it were, and another a moose which give these gentlemen an enviable position in society on their own side of the color line. After having looked up all of the places of interest we boarded a C. P. R. Express for Port Arthur. All along the line the same indolent, unprogressive appearance pervaded the small settlements, but once upon the American steamer, "Hiram H. Dixon," bound for Duluth, things seemed to change with the exception of the strong fishy odor that seems to pervade the atmosphere of this whole northwest country. The Dixon is in the business of collecting the catch of thousands of people engaged in the business for the famous Booth, the fish and oyster man, whose residence is unknown to the fishermen except that they suspect that he might live in Duluth or Superior that they have heard so much about. The Dixon's route is lengthened by about one-half in her meanderings about the different fishing ports situated around Isle Royal and the many more equally picturesque places that dot the bosom of this deepest clear water lake in the continent. Arriving at Duluth our party boarded the N. P. express for Ashland and commenced to lay aside overcoats and enjoy a warmer climate. Arriving home we are well satisfied with our party, and will continue to be satisfied that this country is good enough for us.

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FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES,

Creamery and Dairy Butter,
Hay, Feed, Flour, Oats, Etc

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I have the finest selections of Summer & Fall Woolens for Gents' wear you ever looked at.

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder.

BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

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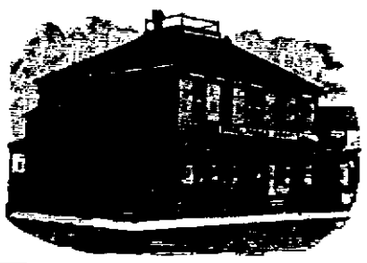
RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For $6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.
T. B. McINDOE, Resident Surgeon.



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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.
Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

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—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Faust' Block. Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

A FUR buyer of Lewiston says that on an average five hundred bears are killed yearly in Maine.

ROBERT BONNER has been such a lover of speedy trotters that he has spent more than $600,000 in gratifying his tastes in that direction.

A NEW YORK company has been organized whose business will be lending umbrellas. A short reign, in such a case, will contribute the most success.

THE war records will make a good-sized library. Sixty-five volumes have already been issued by the government in one series. Two other series will follow.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY finds that twenty-three states have given women the right to vote for school officers. That is just a majority of all the states. Susan now moves to make it unanimous.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS, the girl whose classic profile is reproduced on the silver dollar, is still a Philadelhia teacher, as she was when her features attracted the attention of the mint engraver.

AMERICA'S two champion lawn tennis players, Dr. Dwight and "Dicky" Sears, of Boston, are men of small physique. Sears is short, rather stocky and blonde; Dr. Dwight is short, slender and dark.

THE proportion of insane to sane persons in the United States is one in every 262; in Scotland it is one in every 574; in the agricultural districts of England it is one in 820; in London the proportion is one in 400.

SENATOR HEARST was generally supposed to be worth about $20,000,000 when he died. The appraisers have filed their report in the San Francisco probate court and the estimated value of the entire estate is $8,788,137.15.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE, the "Grand Old Man's" favorite daughter, resembles her father in looks and possesses a great part of his extraordinary vitality. She can tell a story that will set a dinner-table in a roar, and is quite original in her dress.

MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is a handsome woman, with very dark and expressive eyes, brown hair and a complexion of more than common clearness and brilliancy. Her nature is essentially social, and she is fitted, by reason of her polished manners, keen wit and many graceful accomplishments to assume a leading social position. She is devoted to charitable enterprises of all kinds.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER never forgets a name or a face. A New York paper says that he has in his offices, both in Boston and that city, an alphabetical list containing the name of every person with whom he has had any business dealings. The names of all persons who call upon him at his office are entered, together with such information as he may from time to time obtain in regard to them.

For the successful treatment of his wife in a dangerous surgical operation, performed by Dr. Michelsen, of Wiesbaden, Herr von Donner, a merchant of Hamburg, has placed at the disposal of the authorities in Hamburg, as a thank offering, the sum of two millon marks. The money is to be expended in the erection of a hospital in Hamburg, in which Dr. Michelsen is to be installed as chief physician.

THE inheritance of great wealth has not destroyed young Adam Forepaugh's love for the glitter and spangles of the circus. Though his income is now greater than the president's salary, the son of the great showman dons the pink tights at every performance and rides in the hurdle race with all the interest of a ten-dollar-a-week supe. Young Forepaugh is thirty years old and built like an athlete. He has had something to do about a circus ring since he was a boy of seven.

IN a Chautauqua talk Mrs. Ewing said we need better "punkin" pies and less politics, and that, as the country needs cooks, women should take up the craft that men have monopolized. "Cooks are wanted everywhere," she says. "There is scarcely a village in the land where a competent woman could not earn big wages in giving cooking lessons. Half a dozen churches in Kansas City each paid me for a course of lectures a sum larger than the average school-teacher can earn in a year, and they themselves made big profits out of the course."

THE Boston Herald says that the fact that the present occupant of the vice presidency of the republic is the only living man who has ever held that office is remarkable. The few American presidents that remain (three in number) is in itself singular, but that of the seven vice presidents of the last twenty-eight years (that being the period for which those have been elected who succeeded Hannibal Hamlin) there is but one survivor, and that is the man latest chosen, is almost appalling. There is something like a fatality following the men who have filled the office.

DR. HENRY T. HELMBOLD, the famous bucha man, who was credited with having piled up a fortune of $10,000,000 by the sale of his patent medicines, is once more in a madhouse. Chained at the wrists and with shackles on his ankles, he was taken from his home at Long Branch last Friday and conveyed to the insane asylum at Trenton, N. J. He is now in a strait-jacket, a raving maniac. It is the fourth time within the last twenty years that the doctor's family has been compelled to place him under restraint. This will probably be the last, the physicians having pronounced his case hopeless.

MRS. C. R. KNOWLTON, a professional nurse in Boston, says it's two years now since the grip was in Boston, and it has passed away. Most people have forgotten about it, and few think it did very much damage. True, it didn't kill so many people as a great epidemic might have done. But the grip did a great deal that everybody doesn't know about. It ain't at all extravagant to say that the grip left behind it when it got out of Boston hundreds of invalids who will remain invalids for life. For the next few years the doctors will have on their hands all manner of [illegible]

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE treasury department at Washington reports that the total receipts from customs during the month of July were $3,485,232 less than the receipts during the same month last year.

PRESIDENT HARRISON approved the finding of the retiring board that examined St. John F. Meigs, U. S. N., for retirement on account of color blindness, and he was placed on the retired list of the navy.

THE annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence union of America convened in Washington on the 5th.

THE business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 7th numbered 231, against 217 the preceding week and 208 for the corresponding week last year.

SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY FOSTER was advised that an attempt was to be made during the present month to rob the treasury by an organized band of men.

THE EAST.

THE New York city grand jury indicted the editors and publishers of all New York city morning newspapers except the Tribune, charging them with misdemeanor in publishing details of the execution of the four murderers recently killed at Sing Sing.

THE steamer Majestic of the White Star line which reached New York made the trip across the Atlantic in five days, eighteen hours and eight minutes, the fastest time on record.

JOHN HEMPHILL died in an electric car at Atlantic City, N. J., William Anderson dropped dead at the breakfast table in Passaic, N. J., and George McAllister died in a bath house at Cape May, N. J.

JOHN and Isabella Beecher Hooker celebrated their golden wedding at Hartford, Conn.

NEAR Harrisburg, Pa., a cloudburst inundated factories and flooded the surrounding country, doing great damage.

THE mail train on the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain railroad collided with a returning Sunday-school excursion train at Champlain station, N. Y., killing five persons and fatally injuring ten or fifteen.

A PASSENGER train on the West Shore railroad ran into some freight cars that had become detached from the train ahead near Port Byron, N. Y., killing the fireman and ten Italian passengers and injuring a score of others some of whom would die.

THE death of Ex-Gov. Samuel R. Axtell occurred at Morristown, N. J., aged 72 years.

J. F. ROCHE, of Boston, was elected national commander of the Regular Army and Navy union at their annual meeting held at Boston.

AT the annual convention of the Beta Theta Phi fraternity at Lake Chautauqua, Prof. J. C. Gordon, of Washington, was chosen president.

JAMES THOROUGHGOOD, a colored man, was hanged at Dover, Del., for assaulting a child of 8 years.

THE American Dental association in session at Saratoga, N. Y., elected Dr. W. W. Walker, of New York, president.

THEODORE DENNIS, of Massachusetts, was elected president of the National Association of Letter Carriers.

WEST AND SOUTH.

SAMUEL FREEMAN, a merchant at Lawrence, Kan., killed his wife and 1-year-old child, and then fired a bullet with fatal effect into his own brain. Domestic trouble was supposed to have been the cause.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF VEAZEY in his annual address at the second day's session of the Grand Army of the Republic encampment at Detroit, recommended the establishment of separate departments for colored camps. Washington was decided upon as the place for holding the next annual meeting.

R. H. MURRAY, who was recently released from the Jeffersonville (Ind.) penitentiary, was arrested at Louisville, Ky., charged with the murder of a sister of charity who had nursed him during an illness, and who refused to marry him.

LATE election returns from Kentucky indicate that the Farmers' Alliance party had elected a majority of the members to the legislature.

JOHN WITT and his son, John Witt, Jr., were fatally injured near Worthington, Minn., by being thrown under a reaper by a runaway team.

A SEVERE hailstorm in the vicinity of Howard, S. D., did great damage to the wheat crop. It was estimated that from 40,000 to 50,000 bushels of wheat were destroyed.

NELLIE BOISE, daughter of the circuit judge of Salem, Ore., and William Steel, son of Postmaster Steel, of Portland, were drowned while bathing at Long Beach, Wash.

JOHN GRAYSON, who died at La Grange, Ark., confessed on his deathbed to having murdered three men during his lifetime—a detective, a farmer and a book agent.

THE wife of O. W. Cass, a merchant of Aurora, Neb., in a fit of temporary insanity saturated her dress with kerosene and then set fire to it and was burned to death.

THE people's party in state convention at Springfield, O., nominated John Seitz, of Seneca county, for governor. The platform demands the abolition of national banks as banks of issue, government control of railroads, liberal pensions for soldiers and election of United States senators by popular vote.

THE president restored to citizenship Levi Goins, a veteran of Robinson, Ill. Goins had been wrongfully imprisoned for fraudulently endeavoring to obtain a pension.

THE governor of Tennessee issued a proclamation calling a special session of the legislature to take action in regard to the revision of the convict labor laws.

CAPT. JOHN PALMER, of Albany, N. Y., was elected commander in chief at the third and last day's session of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit. The proposition to institute separate camps for colored veterans was defeated.

FATHER QUAY, a Catholic priest of Snohomish, Wash., was tarred and feathered by a mob. He was accused of immoral practices.

LIBERTY SNOOKS, a farmer living near Hunneston, Ia., was shot and killed by Dick Irwinn, as the result of a family quarrel.

THE death of William Green, aged 112 years and 9 months, occurred at Joliet, Ill. Deceased was born in Ireland and up to the last retained his mind. He had been blind several years.

THE encampment at Detroit completed its labors on the 7th after installing all the newly elected officers.

HON. T. S. HAYCOCK died at his home near Lynchburg, Va., aged 75 years. For a number of years prior to the war he was a member of congress. He was also a member of the confederate congress and speaker of the house.

A TERRIFIC hailstorm passed Crookston, Minn., laying waste and destroying grain from Marin to Hixon, a strip 5 miles wide by 14 in length. Everything was destroyed and there would be no harvesting in that belt of country this season.

INDIANS brought the report to Yuma, Cal., that the earthquake of July 30 materially changed the course of the Colorado river.

ELLA WILLIAMS, William Williams, Willis Lowe and Eliza Lowe, four colored persons, were shot to death by a mob in Henry county, Ala., for burning a house, and their bodies were thrown in the river.

WHILE shooting his brother, who was crazy and who had attacked him with a knife, a planter named Huff, of Willis, I. T., shot and killed his own wife. The crazy man was killed with three bullets from a Winchester rifle.

LUCIUS BULLING, the wife murderer, was sentenced to death at Savannah, Mo., for the third time, September 4 being the date fixed.

AN express train on the Fort Wayne railroad ran into an open switch near East Palatine, O., killing the engineer and fireman. The passengers all escaped uninjured.

THE United States Chess association's championship prize was won by J. W. Showalter, of Lexington, Ky.

A TRAIN struck a buggy at Seneca, Neb., killing A. H. Burnett and Miss Frances Fuller. Two women and two children were seriously hurt.

AFTER twenty-five years of litigation the California supreme court decided that the Sanpablo ranch of 18,000 acres must be divided among several hundred owners.

A PASSENGER train on the Denver & Rio Grande railway near Debeque, Col., was swept from the track and nearly buried by a landslide. No one was hurt.

FRED LEWICH, editor of the Western Poultry Journal, was drowned at Cedar Rapids, Ia., while bathing in the Cedar river.

MRS. S. A. SANDERS, of Delaware, Ill., was elected national president of the Woman's Relief Corps at the Detroit convention.

A SANTA FE railway train struck a buggy near Leavenworth, Kan., killing Mrs. Lonsdale and mortally wounding Miss Powers and Ray Powers.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

AN epidemic of smallpox was reported at Acapulco, Mex.

THE architect of the great tower at the French exposition, M. Eiffel, telegraphed to the board of managers of the Columbian exposition for permission to erect a tower on the fair grounds.

THE English parliament was prorogued to October 24. Queen Victoria in her speech congratulates the country upon its prosperity and says measures taken have resulted in marked abatement of agrarian offenses in Ireland and a considerable advance in prosperity.

RECENT rains in the grain-producing state of Vera Cruz, Mex., have damaged the crops to such an extent that it was said that not one-fourth of a crop would be harvested.

A THOUSAND families were rendered homeless and there was much sickness and fever among them caused by the overflow of the river Yarra at Melbourne, Australia. The damage caused by the flood amounted to $2,000,000.

A MEMBER of the British parliament gave notice that at the next session of that body he would introduce a resolution favoring a treaty of arbitration with this country.

IT was said that Charles S. Parnell, the Irish leader, had decided to visit the United States late in the fall and conduct a campaign throughout the entire country.

ANOTHER woman was murdered in the Whitechapel district of London. She is believed to be a victim of "Jack the Ripper."

ON account of the scarcity of corn the government of Russia has decided to prohibit its export.

LATER.

Camp Douglas Burned.

NEW LISBON, Wis., Aug. 10.—Camp Douglas is in ruins. At 9 p. m. the cry of fire was raised. It seems that a lamp exploded in McGuire's saloon, but the flames had been nearly smothered, the proprietor left the building. The fire took a new start, and in about ten minutes was beyond control. It spread rapidly through several houses till it reached Camp Douglas Hotel. It then crossed the Omaha tracks and set fire to the Commercial House and the depot.

Although all this happened in a very few minutes the soldiers at the camp had been notified and they had assembled and succeeded in saving nearly all the goods in the hotels and stores, besides the whole of the business part of the village. Many dwelling houses were burned, there being nothing left but a few residences in the southwestern part of town. The wind blew from the south and kept it burning so rapidly that the fire engines from Mauston had been sent for as soon as it was evident that the fire had a good start, but reached there too late. Total loss estimated at about $150,000.

Swindlers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 10.—Alfred Downing, president, and N. H. Tollman, vice president of the National Capital Savings, Building and Loan Association of North America, were arrested by Postoffice Inspector Stuart, charged with using the mails for fraudulent purposes. It is charged that the men who have been conducting this association have swindled thousands of people from every state in the Union and taken in from $200,000 to $300,000 and given nothing in return. The victims hail from Maine to California, and are numbered among the rich and poor alike.

AN investigation of the office of the city treasurer of Denver, Colo., for the past ten years reveal a shortage of $26,000.

J. O. WYNNE, the business agent of the Georgia State Alliance is over $20,000 short in his account. The Alliance ran a business exchange at Atlanta and it was in the management of this that the loss occurred.

AT Amherst, N. H., Mrs. Lelia Robinson Sawtelle, member of the Massachusetts bar and authoress, died on the 10th.

WHILE trying to arrest George Duhlmeyer, a wife-beater at Chillicothe, O., on the 10th, Officer Hall was mortally wounded.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Proceedings of the Silver Jubilee in Detroit.

The Grand Parade—Washington Gets the Next Encampment—Palmer Chosen Commander—Other Officers Elected, Etc.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 5.—Tuesday was a day which will be long remembered by the grizzled veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. As the opening day of the twenty-fifth annual encampment, it marks a quarter of a century in the growth of the organization, and every soldier realizes that it must also mark the apex in the prosperity of that great order, which, year by year, has enveloped in its fraternal fold every state of the great union from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Washington.

As the tried and trusty soldiers of '65 were ever eager for the battle, so the veterans of '91 were eager for the grand parade which was to recall so many reminiscences of former days. Before the morning sun had kissed the spangled arches and emblazoned in glory the golden decorations that marked the line of march, the grand army bands were abroad, and the measured tread of the veterans preparing for the march resounded through the streets.

Not less than 40,000 men followed in unbroken columns the flags which they had borne to victory in days of war. Grayer and more feeble, they disdained the use of carriages and cheerfully trudged through the streets, receiving the applause of thousands who thronged every point of vantage to witness the marching and add to the volume of cheers. Windows and balconies, housetops, tree branches and telegraph pole arms bore their living freight and served as reserved seats from which excellent views could be had.

Promptly at the hour indicated, and with a military precision which showed the volunteer soldiers had forgotten none of their early training, the posts assembled on the line of march. Four magnificent arches, erected by the citizens in different parts of the city, marked the line of march.

Slowly and majestically, in measured tread to music, the procession started from Woodward and Adams avenues, with Commander in Chief Veazey and his staff in the lead, until the reviewing stand was reached. The stand from which the commander in chief and his glittering staff reviewed the parade was situated on "Campus Martius," on the east side of Woodward avenue.

On Illinois, the home of Lincoln, the home of Grant and of Logan, was conferred the honor of the right of the line of march. But it was not because of these illustrious names that the Prairie state was so honored, but because of one whose services to the veterans of the state and nations dates since the war, Dr. R. F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic. Dr. Stephenson was born in Wayne county, Ill., in 1822, and died in Menard county August 30, 1871, aged but 49 years.

His remains lie in the soldiers' lot of Rose Hill cemetery, Petersburg, Ill. He organized the Grand Army of the Republic in 1866, and a few months later J. N. Coltrin and Joseph Prior were joined with ten others in forming the first post, which was instituted at Decatur, April 6, 1866, under a charter granted by Dr. Stephenson.

The survivors of Post No. 1 were a conspicuous little group in the Illinois delegation and their appearance was the signal for a tribute of cheers. Department Commander Horace S. Clark led the command and 8,000 representatives of the loyal sons of the Sucker state were in line.

The enthusiasm which greeted the second or Wisconsin division, 700 strong, was unbounded. In the front rank and borne high in the air on the top of a flagstaff perched "Old Abe," the stuffed eagle which became a part of Wisconsin's history a quarter of a century ago. In line with the Wisconsin boys were Gen. Lucius Fairchild, ex-governor of the state and commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Col. A. G. Wissert, candidate for commander in chief. Department Commander W. H. Upham was in command.

The Pennsylvania division came next, 1,500 strong, marching in good order to sprightly music furnished by the post bands. Deputy Commander Boyer rode at their head, with Adjt. Gen. Town and Quartermaster-Gen. Abraham Levering, followed by the aides. Pittsburgh posts led the delegation.

The Ohio delegation was a vast army of itself. No less than 13,000 veterans tramped to the music of the bands. Beside Department Commander A. M. Warner marched Gen. S. H. Hurst, the Ohio candidate for commander in chief. A conspicuous figure was Gen. Manning F. Force, who, enlisting as a major in the Twentieth regiment, was made a full major general a year before the close of the war.

The spectacle of an ex-president of the United States marching in the ranks is so unusual that the applause tendered ex-President Hayes was hardly a surprise. Mr. Hayes was recognized by all as he marched with his post from Fremont, O.

Col. A. L. Conger, Gen. P. H. Dowling and Gen. R. B. Brown were among the past department commanders in line.

The strains of Virginia's martial music was dying in the distance as Maryland, some 300 strong, passed the stand.

As the Nebraska Grand Army of the Republic, 500 strong, with Department Commander Teeter and Gov. Thayer passed the grand stand it was impossible to tell whether the cheers were for the governor, the soldier boys, or that venerable figure which always provokes the cheers of the volunteer soldiers—Paul Vandervoort, past national commander in chief.

Of course Michigan, with its 15,000 veterans, received the ovation of the day. The division was officered by Department Commander C. L. Eaton, Adjt. Gen. K. W. Noyes and Quartermaster General Spicer.

Iowa came next to the Wolverine State 300 strong, and marching with military precision to the ever popular tune "Yankee Doodle." Department Commander C. L. Davidson, Adjt.-Gen. Longley and Quartermaster-Gen. Tamplin headed the column.

New York, 2,500 strong, came next, and was the recipient of an enthusiastic greeting. They were headed by Department Commander C. H. Freeman, Adjutant General W. W. Bennett, Quartermaster General A. R. Penfield and W. W. Van Keuran, an octogenarian member of the post and veteran of the Mexican and civil wars. Then came a score of battle flags, seamed, shot through, in shreds and tatters, proudly carried aloft by their bearers.

The Connecticut division came next and following Connecticut was Massachusetts, 2,500 strong.

Forty New Jersey veterans were accompanied by J. R. Mulliken, commander; Past Department Commander H. N. Stevens and Past Department Commander Charles Burrows.

One hundred ex-union soldiers, led by Department Commander Samuel L. Miller, represented the state of Maine.

California showed up twenty-five strong, notwithstanding the distance they had to come. At their head with other past commanders marched W. R. Smedburg.

Following the little Rhode Island group was the New Hampshire division, twenty strong.

Vermont followed New Hampshire with 150 men. They were received with great applause in compliment to Commander in Chief Veazey, whose own post headed the delegation.

Indiana's 2,800 veterans marched in majestic column past the reviewing stand, and at the head and beside Department Commander I. N. Walker marched Gov. Alvin P. Hovey. Gen. A. D. Streight, one of the leaders and projectors of the famous Libby prison tunnel, and Col. Walker, another who escaped through that famous historical underground passage, were recognized by all familiar with the history of that daring adventure.

Following in their order were the divisions of Colorado and Wyoming, Kansas, Delaware, Minnesota, Missouri, Oregon, West Virginia, South Dakota, Washington and Alaska, Arkansas, Montana, Texas, Idaho and Alabama. The naval veterans and the Sons of Veterans, 5,000 strong, brought up the rear and closed the parade.

In the morning at the national headquarters before the parade, a $1,000 diamond badge was given to Commander Veazey. Ex-President Hayes, in presenting the badge, said:

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF VEAZEY: The comrades who with me have been honored with places on your staff have assigned to me the agreeable duty of presenting to you this badge. We ask you to accept it as a token of the esteem, the admiration and the affection in which you are held by ourselves and by our comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic. It will, we trust, bring present joy to you and to our family. It will remind you and them of the honored part you bore in the great event of this age—in the sacred and stainless war for union and liberty. During your term of office you have, as you promised when you were chosen, amply kept between yourself and your comrades not only the touch of the elbow but also the touch of the heart. Our hope is that this simple gift will remind you pleasantly of the events and scenes and comradeship of the great conflict; that it will recall the famous day of Gettysburg—the day of your opportunity, of your honorable service and of your signal triumph. It will also, we hope, be a welspring of gratifying meditations upon the future. In after times those who bear your name and share your blood will rejoice as they look upon this emblem, their prized family heirloom, and be filled with gratitude that Providence allotted to them the inspiring privilege of tracing their origin to a man who in his young manhood was a splendid figure in the decisive battle of the divine war, and who stood faithfully and bravely by Abraham Lincoln from its beginning to its end. Our wishes and our prayers are that your life may be long and happy in the land which in the day of its deadly peril you did your part to save.

In responding Gen. Veazey said:

COMRADES: It is with great pleasure that I accept this token, which shall be among my most highly prized souvenirs of the year during which I have labored for the Grand Army of the Republic. The approbation of my friends, the comrades who fought for the preservation of the union, is to me the greatest prize that can be paid to any man. I thank you.

The evening was devoted to receptions to the commander in chief, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans by the citizens of Detroit at the encampment hall. Later another receptim was tendered the commander in chief at the exposition building. On both occasions Gen. Veazey made brief speeches of acknowledgment and thanks.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 6.—The twenty-fifth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic met in formal session Wednesday in the mammoth hall that had been set apart for the business deliberations of the veterans. All that art and taste could do to make the building attractive had been exerted in the decorations which adorned the interior in emblematic order.

Despite the immensity of the hall it was crowded to its utmost seating capacity by the multitude of veterans attracted by the momentous questions to be settled at this encampment of the order.

A few minutes before the hour of opening, Gen. Veazey and his staff entered the hall and were escorted to the grand stand. The appearance of the commander in chief was the signal for generous applause and a minute later the two bands burst forth in an inspiring military air in harmony with the martial scene. Rapping the assemblage to order, the commander in chief announced the formal opening of the twenty-fifth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and directed the adjutant general to call the roll of departments. Every state and territory in the union—not even excepting far-off Alaska—was represented and the roll showed the fullest attendance of delegates in the history of the organization.

The opening address of the commander in chief was listened to in rapt attention by the assembled veterans. He said:

COMRADES—This is the silver anniversary of a birth, not of a wedding. The wedding occurred when the bridegrooms, the youth of the land, enlisted in its defense. Abraham Lincoln celebrated the marriage nuptials. Columbia was the bride. Her vesture was the nation's flag. The pledge to establish that flag over the domain of secession was the pledge of her hand. When the pledge was grandly redeemed through bloody strife, through suffering and death, and after the victors had placed on the brow of the bride a new diadem whose gems were honor, valor, fame, liberty unfettered with slavery, a country reunited and free, the fruit of that marriage was the Grand Army of the Republic, an offspring worthy of its royal parentage.

The man must be blind indeed, who has failed to see in recent years, as time has impelled our column toward the river which all must cross, that the Grand Army of the Republic, as it has become better known, has been constantly marching to a higher plane in the estimation of the people generally, as well as of the veterans of the war; that the latter are seeking membership in great numbers; that the spirit of true comradeship is constantly taking a deeper hold in the hearts of comrades, and that time has not diminished but quickened their pride of service; not quenched but intensified the ardor of their love of the flag and all it represents; not dulled but enlivened the soldierly spirit which they exhibited in the old heroic days. Any charge to the contrary is an insult to the veterans as a class and as individuals.

After referring pathetically to the deaths during the past year of Sherman, Porter, Hamlin, Devins, Tobin and other honored members of the order, the commander in chief continued:

The present administration encountered the same disturbances in the department of Louisiana and Mississippi that had troubled my predecessors. From various sources of information that have been accessible to me, I believe that a large majority of both white and colored comrades in the departments of Louisiana and Mississippi are strong in the conviction that it would be for the best interests of all individually, and of their posts and of the order, to have a separate department in Louisiana and some of the other gulf states made up of such posts as may apply to come into it and having concurrent jurisdiction with the department already established in such states; concurrent in respect to the chartering and mustering of posts, but each department having exclusive jurisdiction over the posts which it may receive. My best judgment after a year of painstaking investigation is that it would be wise to confer upon my successor the authority to create such a department. He may either find it necessary or think it best to exercise the power conferred.

The commander in chief advises that the executive officers refrain from indorsing appeals for contributions for any purpose, however worthy, except those expressly named in the objects of the order. Veterans are apt to be strongly influenced by such indorsements. It is recommended that congress be appealed to to provide for the maintenance of the Mount McGregor cottage. The G. A. R. has been paying the expenses because no one else assumed them.

The argument in favor of service pension legislation has been urged upon congress without avail, but under the disability pension bill about one thousand pensions are being allowed per day and will be until the docket of applications is substantially cleared. The number who thought the bill too liberal is rapidly diminishing as the act becomes better understood.

The commander in chief recommends that the legislation giving preference in the civil service department to discharged soldiers be amended so as to recognize the idea of service apart from discharge or disability.

Comrades, our order has reached its high-water mark neither in numbers nor in glory or power. In cultivating fraternity and charity it works on the same lines with some other organizations. But there is another basic principle of our order which is, in a sense at least, peculiar to it—it is the broad principle of loyalty. Here we provoke criticism, and on the ground that there is no disloyalty now. True, no class or section is engaged in disloyal acts; but, as is well known, there are men here and there throughout the land who adhere to the pernicious doctrine that secession by a state is a right, and therefore resistance to attempted coercion is not disloyalty or rebellion. The iron heel of Andrew Jackson crushed the first threats of overt action based upon this doctrine. When in the next instance, the threat was carried into effect, it required the scourge of war and rivers of blood to suppress it. A third effort is not likely to appear again in the south, because it is not conceivable how the interests of that section can be so advantageously situated as they are within the union. But the doctrine permeates the political literature of the country. The seed took deep root in the disciples of Calhoun and others who labored to plant it. As our country extends its borders and sections become antagonistic in interest, who can say that another effort may not be made somewhere? So long as this danger exists, however remotely, the work of the G. A. R. is not finished.

No organization since the war has done so much for the country, especially in laying deep the foundations of future security, as the G. A. R. It appears to every loyal hand that drew a blade or carried a musket. Therefore no union soldier has done his full duty as a citizen unless he has given the order the benefit of his comradeship in it.

In closing I desire to renew the expression of gratitude which I made a year ago for the great honor you conferred upon me. Having intended to wrong no one and having received no affront from anyone, I say to one and all, from the deepest recesses of my heart, I thank you and God bless you.

Adjt. Gen. J. H. Gouldin's annual report for the year ending July 30 shows that there are in the order forty-five departments, with 7,409 posts and 398,067 comrades in good standing. The sum expended in charities during the year was $833,609, against $217,957 the previous year. There have been 5,520 deaths this year, against 5,479 in 1890. Of the total apparent membership of 411,307, suspensions, delinquencies and transfers bring the number down to 398,067.

The quartermaster general's report showed the assets of the organization to be as follows: Cash balance on hand, $1,801.18; due by departments, $1,429.41—less due by departments, $184.17; balance, $1,246.24; United States bonds, 1907, $16,000 (market value 1 17-100), $18,720; supplies, $2,941.65; total assets, $24,711.07.

The report on the Grant monument fund showed that while this fund in 1890 amounted to $11,207.89, it had been augmented but $237.91 during the past year. Of this amount $226.16 was derived as interest on the present fund, so that the actual increase by donation had been but $11.75. This sum was reported by the state of Minnesota.

The inspector general's report after detailing the condition of the order says in conclusion:

"Our comrades in the stronger and more prosperous departments should not be forgetful of the necessities of those in weaker and less favored territories and should assist and encourage them in the work whenever opportunity offers. I find the organization of the Woman's Relief Corps is growing in all departments. It would be difficult to say too much in their favor, as they have rendered such valuable assistance in our charitable work, having taken position far in advance of our line in blue, in raising money to such the relief fund, which is so honestly devoted to the alleviation of the wants of those depending upon its assistance."

The report of the judge advocate general derives its chief interest from his decision on the vexed race question.

"The question proposed is 'whether there can lawfully be two departments covering the same territory at the same time; for instance, a department made up of white posts and another of black posts; or one of foreign born, and another of native born.'

"I think the question must be answered in the negative. The idea is contrary to the usage and universal understanding of the order hitherto. Without adverting further to the obvious evils likely to follow from establishing rival departments in any state, it is enough that it is very clear that the rules and regulations do not provide for nor warrant the establishment of but one department in any state or territory.

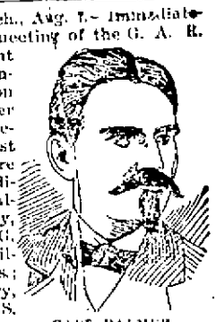
The report of the surgeon general is chiefly interesting in a statement it contains from Pension Commissioner Raum, announcing that the amount of $116,000,000 will be expended for pensions during the fiscal year.

During the forenoon session Commander in Chief Veazey was presented sented with two gavels. The first was an ivory one, presented by Comrade Clarkson, of Nebraska, and the other a wooden or "business gavel," presented by Comrade Duffield, of Michigan. The latter was made from the wood of the old flagstaff that surmounted the fort at Detroit 130 years ago. It was this fort which repulsed the famous attack of the Pontiac Indians.

The commander in chief then appointed the committee on resolutions. "The negro question" was referred to a special committee consisting of Merrill, of Massachusetts; Henderson, of Pennsylvania; Conger, of Ohio; Linehan, of New Hampshire, and Atkins, of Ohio.

Washington was selected as the place for the holding of the next encampment of the G. A. R. The race between Washington and Lincoln, Neb., was a close one, so close that each side was confident of success until the result of the ballot was announced: Washington, 866; Lincoln, [illegible]

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 7.—Immediately after the meeting of the G. A. R. encampment Thursday morning the election of a commander in chief was declared the first business. There were four candidates: John Palmer, of Albany, N. Y.; A. G. Weissart, of Milwaukee, Wis.; W. P. Smedbury, of California; S. H. Hurst, Ohio.



CAPT. PALMER.

Benjamin E. Bryant, of Wisconsin, placed Weissart in nomination in an eloquent speech. Weissart's nomination was seconded by the states of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Kentucky.

Corporal Tanner, of New York, placed Palmer in nomination, and Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania seconded Palmer's nomination.

J. J. Hollingsworth, of Ohio, nominated Hurst, and W. L. Barnes, of California, nominated Smedbury.

Just before the ballot opened S. H. Hurst, Ohio's candidate, asked for recognition. "The state of Ohio," said he, "believes in justice and fair play and recognition to all departments of the Grand Army of the Republic. It has been conceded for years that whenever the great state of New York became united on a candidate, this state, which gave more men to the great army of the union than any other state, should be entitled to the commander in chief. New York is now united on a candidate, and I desire to withdraw my name and second the nomination of Palmer of New York."

The election by secret ballot was a very slow and tedious process. The first ballot gave Palmer, 332; Weissart, 270; Smedbury, 177. No choice.

The result of the ballot was: Palmer, 320; Weissart, 270; Smedbury, 177. No choice.

On the second ballot Palmer led from the start, and upon motion his election was made unanimous.

Col. Henry M. Duffield, of Detroit, was elected senior vice commander by acclamation.

T. S. Clarkson, of Nebraska; Peter R. Ayers, of Delaware, and Albert E. Sholes, of Georgia, were nominated for junior vice commander in chief. Clarkson won on the first ballot. For chaplain there were three candidates—S. B. Payne, of Florida; D. C. Miller, of Kansas, and A. B. Kendrick, of Iowa. Mr. Payne was elected. Surgeon-General Benjamin T. Stevenson, of Connecticut, was reelected by acclamation.

[Capt. John Palmer, the new commander in chief, was born on Staten Island, March 23, 1842, and has a splendid war record. He enlisted in the Ninety-first volunteers, September 10, 1861, and was constantly with that regiment until it was mustered out July 3, 1865, taking part in all its engagements. He was seriously injured at the battle of Five Forks in the combined charge of cavalry and infantry. Since the war he has been engaged in the fresco painting and decorating business at Albany, N. Y., and had the contract for the decorating on the new state capitol. As a member of the Grand Army of the Republic he was for several terms commander of Lew Benedict Post No. 5, was elected commander of the New York department, and in 1879 was elected senior vice commander in chief, all of which important positions he filled with credit. He is said to be a forcible speaker, a model presiding officer at department and national conventions, and has frequently been placed at the head of important committees by both state and national encampments.]

Thursday closed the business sessions of the twenty-fifth annual encampment.

The negro problem was brought to the front by the report of the committee appointed to consider the question of a separate department for the colored veterans. Ex-Congressman William Warner, of Missouri, as chairman of the committee, presented an extended report. After quoting freely from the statements of Gen. Veazey favoring a separate department the report says:

"It is too late to divide now on the color line. A man who was good enough to stand between the flag and those who would destroy it when the fate of the nation was trembling in the balance is good enough to be a comrade in any department of the Grand Army of the Republic. No different rule has been, or ever shall be, recognized by the survivors of the union army and navy. No department should be established for any color or nationality.

"The platform of principles of the Grand Army of the Republic is so broad that all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors can stand upon it. In the opinion of your committee the fact that the department of Louisiana and Mississippi consists of posts a part of which are composed of white comrades, the others of colored comrades is no sufficient reason for making this radical change in our rules and regulations. Our fraternity, charity and loyalty should be witnessed by our deeds as well as our words.

"The recommendation of the commander in chief is based upon the fact that seven of the colored posts of the department of Louisiana and Mississippi petitioned for a separate department.

"In view of the facts submitted to your committee it is of the opinion that it would be inexpedient to place the authority with the commander in chief to organize new or provisional departments in states in which there are organized departments."

The following minority report was presented on the subject:

"I concur in the recommendations contained in the address of the commander in chief in reference to the difficulties existing in the departments of Louisiana and Mississippi, and therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the rules and regulations be so changed as to authorize the commander in chief to organize departments of the Grand Army of the Republic in departments now existing whenever satisfied upon proper representations that they may be organized without detriment to the Grand Army of the Republic or any department organization existing in states embraced therein. W. S. DECKER."

Gen. Lucius Fairchild made the speech of the day. He took the position that if the colored men wanted to withdraw, as had been claimed, they ought to be at liberty to do it. It was evident, however, that they did not want to. After several other speeches by viva-voce vote, the majority report was finally overwhelmingly adopted.

In the evening a banquet was tendered by the citizens of Detroit to the officers and delegates of the grand army encampment. Gen. Alger presided. After an elaborate menu had been discussed Col. Henry M. Duffield delivered an address of welcome. Then came the following toasts: "The Grand Army of the Republic," by Gen. Veazey; "The President of the United States," by Don M. Dickinson; "The Army," by Secretary of War Proctor; "The Navy," by Secretary of the Navy Tracy; "The Rank and File," by D. B. Henderson; "Loyal Women," by Gen. Daniel Butterfield; "The War Governors," by ex-Gov. Austin Blair; "The Department of Michigan," by Commander C. L. Eaton.

Thomas S. Hocock, for fourteen years a member of congress from Virginia, and for four years speaker of the confederate congress, died near [illegible] of years.

HOME FROM COLLEGE.

When our John came home from college
Hayin' time was comin' on,
But we thought he'd be so tender—
Couldn't 'spect much help from John.

But, I swan, he'd raised a muscle
With his workin' in the "gym"—
An' he made the hired men hustle
Just to keep in sight of him.

An', when Jake declared he'd throw him
(Jake's a wrestler of renown),
Why, our John, his quick as lightnin'
Plopped him sprawling on the ground.

And our neighbor's son, Ed Higgins,
(Higgins fences me on the west),
Vowed he'd "lick that dude from college"—
Bragged about it to the rest.

But, along o' Greek an' Latin
John had learned to fight, you see;
Studied Marquis of Queensbury
'Long with Kant's philosophy.

So, when Ed stepped up an' hit him,
John knew exactly what to do—
An' the way he hammed that feller
Was a pleasin' sight to view.

Yes, the neighborin' boys around here,
Hold our John in great respect;
An' they think that goin' to college,
Probably, is about correct.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DYING ON TIME.

Why the Town Clock Accorded with the Inscription.

Tommy McGuffy was growing old. The skin of his attenuated face was so shrunk and so stretched from wrinkle to wrinkle that it seemed narrowly to escape breaking. About the pointed chin and the cheekbones it had the color of faded brick.

Old Tommy had become so thin that he dared not venture to the top of the hill above his native village of Rearward upon a windy day.

His knees beat comically when he walked.

For some years the villagers had been counting the nephews and nieces to whom the savings of the old retired dealer in dry goods would eventually descend.

Ten thousand dollars and a house and lot constituted a heritage worth anticipating in Rearward.

The innocent old man was not upon terms of intimacy with his prospective heirs. Having remained unmarried, his only close associates were two who had been his companions in that remote period which had been his boyhood. One of these, Jerry Hurley, was a childless widower; a very estimable and highly-respected man who owned two farms. The other, like himself a bachelor, was Billy Skidmore, the sexton of the church and therefore the regulator of the town clock upon the steeple.

There came a great shock to old Tommy one day. As old Mrs. Sparks said: "Jerry Hurley, all sudden-like, just took a notion and died."

The wealth and standing of Jerry Hurley insured him an imposing funeral. They laid his body beside that which had once been his wife's in Rearward cemetery. His heirs possessed his farm and time went on—slowly, as it always does at Rearward.

Tommy went frequently to Hurley's grave and wondered when his heirs would erect a monument to his memory. It is necessary that your grave be marked with a monument if you would stand high in that still society that holds eternal assembly beneath the pines and willows where only the breezes speak, and they in subdued voices.

Years passed, and the grave of Tommy's old friend, Jerry, remained unmarked. Jerry's relatives had postponed the duty so long that they had grown callous to public opinion. Besides, they had other purposes to which to apply Jerry's money. It was easy enough to avoid reproach; they had only to refrain from visiting the graveyard.

"Jerry never deserved such treatment," Tommy would say to Billy the sexton, as the two met to talk it over every sunny afternoon.

"It's an outrage, that's what it is," Billy would reply for the hundredth time.

It was, in their eyes, an omission almost equal to that of baptism or the funeral service.

One day, as Tommy was aiding himself along the main street of Rearward by means of a hickory stick a frightful thought came to him. He turned cold.

What if his own heirs should neglect to mark his own grave?

"I'll hurry home and put the money for it aside in a stocking foot at once," thought Tommy, and his knees bent more than usual as he accelerated his pace.

But as he tied a knot in the stocking came the fear that even this money might be misapplied; even his will might be ignored through repeated postponement and the law's indifference.

Who, save old Billy Skidmore, would care whether old Tommy McGuffy's last resting place were designated or not? Once let the worms begin operations upon this antique morsel, what would it matter to Rearward folks where the banquet was taking place?

Tommy now underwent a second attack of horror, from which he came victorious, a gleeful smile momentarily lifting the dimness from his excessively lachrymal eyes.

"I'll fix 'em," he said to himself. "I'll go to-day to Ricketts, the marble-cutter, and order my own tombstone."

Three months thereafter, Ricketts, the marble-cutter, untied the knot in the stocking that had been Billy's, and deposited the contents in the local savings bank.

In the cemetery stood a new monument very lofty and elaborate. Around it was an iron fence. Within the inclosure there was no grave as yet.

"Here," said the monument in deep-cut letters, but bad English, "lies all that remains of Thomas McGuffy, born in Rearward, November 11, 1830; died ————. Gone whither the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

This supplementary information was framed in the words of Tommy's favorite passage in his favorite hymn. His liking for this was mainly on account of its tune.

He had left the date of his death to be inserted by the marble-cutter after its occurrence.

Rearward folks were amused at sight of the monument, and they ascribed the placing of it there to the eccentricity of a taciturn old man.

Tommy seemed to derive much pleasure from visiting his tombstone upon mild days. He spent many hours contemplating it. He would enter the iron inclosure, lock the gate after him, and sit upon the ground that was intended [illegible] to cover his body.

He was a familiar sight to people riding or walking past the graveyard—this thin old man leaning upon his cane, contentedly pondering over the inscription upon his own tombstone.

He undoubtedly found much innocent pleasure in this.

One afternoon, as he was so engaged, he was assailed by a new apprehension.

Suppose that Ricketts, the marble-cutter, should fail to inscribe the date of his death in the space left vacant for it!

There was almost no likelihood of such an omission; but there was at least a possibility of it.

He glanced across the cemetery toward Jerry Hurley's unmarked mound, and shuddered.

Then he thought laboriously.

When he left the cemetery in such time as to avoid a delay of his evening meal and a consequent outburst of anger on the part of his old housekeeper, he had taken a resolution.

"Three score years and ten, says the Bible," he muttered to himself as he walked homeward. "The Scriptural lifetime 'll do for me."

A week thereafter old Tommy gazed proudly upon his finished inscription.

"Died November 11, 1890," was the newest bit of biography there engraved.

"But it's two years and more till November 11, 1890," said a voice at his side.

Tommy merely cast an indifferent look upon the speaker and walked off without a word.

The whole village now thought that Tommy had become a monomaniac upon the subject of his tombstone. Perhaps he had.

No one had been able to learn from his friend, Billy Skidmore, what thoughts he may have communicated to the latter upon the matter.

Tommy now lived for no other apparent purpose than to visit his tombstone daily. He no longer confined his walks thither to the pleasant days. He went in weather the most perilous to so old and frail a man.

One of his prospective heirs took sufficient interest in him to advise more care of his health.

"I can easily keep alive till the time comes," returned the antique; "there's only a year left."

Rapidly his hold upon life relaxed. A week before November 11, 1890, he began to speculate as to whether his unique prediction—or, I should say, his decree—would be fulfilled to the very day.

Upon the fifth day of his illness death threatened to come before the time that had been set for receiving him.

"Isn't this the 10th?" the old man mumbled.

"No," said his housekeeper, who, with one of his nieces, the doctor and Billy Skidmore, attended the ill man; "it's only the 9th."

"Then I must fight for two days' more. The tombstone must not lie."

And he rallied so well that it seemed as if the tombstone would lie, nevertheless, for old Tommy was still alive at 11:30 on the night of November 11. Moreover, he had been in his senses when last awake, and there was every likelihood that he would look at the clock whenever his eyes should next open.

"He can't live till morning; that's sure," said the doctor.

"But, good Lord! you don't mean to say he'll hold out till after twelve o'clock?" said Billy Skidmore, whose anxiety only had sustained him in his grief at the approaching dissolution of his friend.

"Quite probably," replied the doctor.

"Good heavens! Tommy won't rest easy in his grave if he doesn't die on the 11th. The monument would be wrong."

"Oh, that don't matter," said the niece.

Billy looked at her in amazement. Was his old friend's sacred wish to miscarry thus?

"Yes; 'twill matter," he said, in a loud whisper. "And if time won't wait for Tommy of its own accord, we'll make it. When did he last see the clock?"

"Half-past nine," said the housekeeper.

"Then we'll turn it back to ten," said Skidmore, acting as he spoke.

"But he may hear the town clock strike."

Billy said never a word, but plunged into his overcoat, threw on his hat, and hurried out into the cold night.

"Ten minutes to midnight," he said, as he looked up at the town clock upon the church steeple. "Can I skin up them ladders in time?"

Tommy awoke once before the last slumber. Billy was by his bedside, as were the doctor, the housekeeper and the niece. The old man's eyes sought the clock.

"Eleven," he murmured. Then he was silent, for the town clock had begun to clang. He counted the strokes—eleven. Then he smiled and tried to speak again.

"Almost—live out—birthday—seventy—tombstone—all right."

He closed his eyes, and, inasmuch as the town clock furnishes the official time for Rearward, the published report of Tommy McGuff's going records that he passed at twenty-five minutes after eleven p. m., November 11, 1890.

Very few people knew that time turned back one hour and a half in order that the reputation of Tommy McGuffy's tombstone for veracity might be spotless in the eyes of future generations.

Billy Skidmore, the sexton, arranged to have Rearward time ready for the sun when it rose upon the following morning.—R. N. Stephens, in Philadelphia Press.

A Curious Objection.

The curious fault is found with the mastless ships of the new navy that they afford the crews no opportunity for exercise—the seamen having nothing to climb; they feel cooped up, and are showing a spirit of discontent. It is questionable whether such tame devices as horizontal bars and other mere gymnastic appliances would avail to restore the spirits of the men. The Darwinians may seize upon this fact as additional proof of the Simian descent of the human species.—Philadelphia Record.

At the Military Ball.

He—You look so fascinating to-night that I expect you will capture everything; the other girls won't stand any sort of a chance.

She—O, yes; I'll divide with them. I'll take the colonels and leave them the shells.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOG CABIN FARM.

Country Home of Detroit's Most Popular Citizen.

Hon. Thomas Witherell Palmer, President of the World's Fair, United States Senator and Multi-Millionaire—The Spanish Boy Adopted by Him.

[Special Detroit Correspondence.]

THE president of the world's fair is at his home in Detroit this week, and I found him making a brief visit to his handsome office in the Merrill block, which block is an adjunct to the Palmer estate. He courteously gave me an invitation to visit the log cabin and the stock farm and kindly placed a carriage at my disposal. I found it awaiting me at the end of the six-mile ride of street railway and electric car line, on Woodward avenue. Col. Van Norman, the manager of the stock farm, drove us quickly over the intervening mile, rounding up in fine style at the famous log cabin, and setting us down in the heart of Mr. Palmer's farm of seven hundred acres.

I might quote the St. Louis girl here and say that it is "as fine a seven hundred acres as I ever set my foot upon."

The Palmer log cabin is a favorite resort for driving parties and visitors and there were a number in advance of us. A woman with a man's hat on her head was scolding about the trouble these same visitors gave her. She did not need to tell us she was "Scootch," for her tongue betrayed her. We preferred to find out for ourselves the history of the relics.

The cabin itself is built of logs with the bark left on in its rough state. The only decorative feature of the exterior are the dove-tailed corners and the colored glass windows of primitive art. The cabin is filled with interesting relics of the Palmer family. An ancient clock on the stairs, and its consort below, are centuries old. A tablet of brass tells the history of each. Old-fashioned rag carpets and braided rag mats cover the floors. Immense open fireplaces with brass and iron andirons are in each room. The low cradle on rockers, in which Hon. Tom and all the numerous members of the Palmer family were rocked, a very artistic bit of old mahogany, was flanked by the tiny chairs in which he and his wife disported themselves in early infancy. There, too, was the ancient warming pan of the winter age. Dishes and

"THE OLD LOG CABIN."

bric-a-brac of great age filled the shelves of the old-fashioned closets and cupboards, while Indian curiosities hung everywhere. Nor must the old wooden churn in which Grandmother Palmer made sweet, fragrant butter be overlooked.

Upstairs are large chambers furnished with the old-style high-posted beds, ancient chairs and carved furniture of "ye olden time." I was much interested in two narrow hidden doors, which led into small secret closets where concealed trapdoors revealed underground places of concealment where in the old days the Palmer family took refuge from hostile Indians.

A quaint feature is the raftered ceilings where hang crooked-necked squash and grandfather's musket, along with rows of dried herbs, pumpkin chips, onions, red peppers and other garden truck. In the dining-room an Indian canoe is moored to the ceiling. It is full size and has a history of its own.

Mrs. Palmer came out at noon with the adopted Spanish son and his nurse, a retinue of maids, and the famous toy dogs, Blenheim, King Charles and the pound-and-a-half black-and-tan. There

HON. THOMAS W. PALMER.

was a general disappearance of strange visitors, as there was to be a lunch party from which the public was naturally excluded. A delegation of male guests accompanied Mr. Palmer.

I looked at the much-talked-about Spanish boy with some interest, wondering if he could be conscious of his good fortune. I had expected to see a curled and perfumed darling, in Castilian dress, with chevalier hat and feather. On this occasion, however, he was clad like any little American engaged in making mud-pies. He is a handsome youngster with strong features and fine eyes and hair, and in the Spanish costumes in which his pictures are taken looks like a young prince. He comes of the blue blood of Spain, and is to remain a Spaniard. His whole name is Murillo Castellar Hyinio Poblacion Palmer, and his age is four years. There is already an adopted daughter named Bertha.

Just here I would like to say, sub rosa, that the pet hobby of Gen. Palmer is to found a great institution, a business college for bright and enterprising young women, who have no means to carry out their plans for a vocation. When the present enterprise of the world's fair is over I have no doubt that he will begin this great philanthropic work.

The stock farm was our next objective point. Mr. Palmer had just added an acre of land which formed part of an extension of the city streets. He had also just received an offer from a Detroit syndicate—the city railway—of $840,000 for the entire plant of his stock farm. As he values it at $1,400,000 he refused the offer. Nor does he esteem this a sentimental value of the property. The seven hundred acres are in a state of natural cultivation. There is a "forest primeval" of fine trees, and a "forest of Ardennes," and nine miles of interesting carriage drives, with rustic bridges and a farm filled with carp. The wild flowers bloom in luxuriant growth through these woods.

There is an original log cabin on the place which is now turned into a farmhouse, and there are houses for the few farm hands who live here. Beyond these are the stable, with nearly two hundred Percheron horses, each in a separate stall, with neither halter nor bridle to restrain their fiery moods.

PALMER'S ADOPTED SPANISH BOY.

Sleek, powerful, glossy like satin, with superb strength, they toss their massive heads and look defiance at intruders. Col. Van Norman held his whip in his hand as he stood at the open door, and let me look tremblingly in at the beautiful creatures. Fenelon, the black stallion, is considered the king of the stud and the most valuable horse in America. His pedigree is written out on gold-embossed paper, and he has orders and premiums on blue ribbon enough to turn his majestic head. The superb light gray stallion Anchorite is a near neighbor of Fenelon, and ranks next in value, being approved and gold medaled by both France and America. Both these horses are imported animals.

Then followed a visit to the field where the herd of Jersey cows were chewing their cuds in tranquil repose. They were beauties, ranging from light cream to the darkest dun and gray. There was one red cow.

"Why do you have that red cow?" I inquired.

"That is Mrs. Palmer's pet cow, Red Rose," said our guide.

"But why red? Isn't she just an ordinary cow?" I persisted.

"Because," was the answer, and as this was a woman's reason and the red cow a woman's fad I had no more to say.

Then we were called upon to admire Queen Ida, who gives 23 pounds of butter per week, and another rival Jersey who contributes 9,000 pounds of milk a year. The value of the herd is $75,000. I saw the calves in their own barn, and they were beauties. The youngest like a baby fawn was valued at the age of two weeks at $200. I thought what costly "veal pies" it would make.

After a refreshing drink of cool water from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, with a turnstile approach, we left the forest of Ardennes, and all its primitive beauties, for the wilds of civilization.

Here is an anecdote characteristic of the man with the big heart, who is plain "Tom" to his friends:

Yesterday morning he was accosted jocularly by George W. Latimer, the veteran undertaker, with the remark: "Say, senator, you know you've got to take care of the old boys during the fair. Now what are you going to do for me?"

"I'll give you charge of the deadheads," replied "Tom," quicker'n a wink, "and you can box 'em up if you want to."

The president of the world's fair lives in a stately home on Woodward avenue which is much less pretentious than many of its younger neighbors. But it has large grounds and an old apple tree with steps leading up into the branches. There the soldier, statesman, orator, breaths the cool night air and reads his answer in the stars when so inclined.

Both he and Mrs. Palmer heartily detest shams and have very democratic ideas which they live up to in spite of their double fortune.

It is told of Mrs. Palmer that she has $100,000 in one bank that she has never disturbed.

Mr. Palmer is about sixty-two years of age, and this is his birthplace. His last diplomatic appointment was that of minister to Spain.

"A man of compliments whom right and wrong
Have chosen umpire of their mutiny."

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

How It Happened.

Penseratch—I had two jokes in the Howler this week.

Friend—You needn't think anyone read them!

"There's where you are wrong; everybody read them. The printer put them in upside down."—Jury.

A Blessed Hope.

He (affianced to the widow)—How embarrassing it will be, when we die, to meet your first husband!

The Widow—Possibly, my dear, you and the sainted dead will abide in different regions. That is my hope.—Munsey's Weekly.

The Old Habit Clung.

"Chollie can't get over his old dry-goods habits now that he's in real estate."

"What has he done now?"

"Sold a man a house the other day and asked him if he wanted it sent."—Judge.

R-R-Revenge!

Mrs. Hicks—My husband was awfully cross this morning, but I'll get even with him.

Mrs. Dix—How?

Mrs. Hicks—I'll put a mustard plaster on him to-night.—Munsey's Weekly.

AMERICAN ROADSTERS.

The Trotter, Hackney and Show Carriage Horse.

Duke of Marlborough Behind Dick Swiveller—How Mr. Bonner Came to Be a Horseman—Growth of the Coaching Custom.

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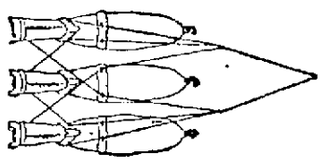
America owes a big debt of gratitude to the men who have developed the roadster type of horse in this country. The farmers of Orange county can well afford to build the proposed monument to Rysdyk's Hambletonian at Chester, where the old horse lies buried.

In England, for generations, rich men have raised hunters. The very term "thoroughbred" speaks of long years of breeding. The ability to jump a fence and to carry a heavyweight stout-



ARRANGEMENT OF REINS IN A THREE-IN-HAND.

ly across meadow, pasture and plowed land in the wake of a fox has been developed in this long-legged animal at the expense of the more practical qualities of the roadster. Except for the hackney horses, the big gap between the hunter and the cart horse is not very well filled in England, or France or Germany either, for that matter. When, once in awhile, a pair of well-matched American roadsters, light, perfectly broken to the pole, kind, tractable and well under control, is seen on an English road pulling a light wagon at a 2:30 or even 2:40 gait, the eyes of our transatlantic cousins bulge out with astonishment.

The fact is, the Americans, the most practical people in the world, have evolved a practical horse. The improvement of trotting stock has been worth millions of dollars to the country, worth many times its utmost cost in time and money.

The successful trotter is more than a mere money-making machine. The unsuccessful trotter is a first-rate roadster and the descendants of both in the third and fourth generations are the best "general purpose" horses in the world. The great Percheron and Clydesdale horses are admirable for heavy trucking; but heavy trucking grows relatively less important with the multiplication of railway lines and the perfection of docks, elevators and canals. The general purpose horse, on the contrary, grows more valuable. The farmer who has got the stumps all pulled out of his fields has no more use for oxen, but wants a lively, handy team of medium weight, equally clever at pulling a mowing machine over a big field in a reasonable time or making a quick trip to market. Nine out of ten farming operations depend more upon a horse's docility and quickness than upon main strength. The doctor, the minister, the

COL. LAWRENCE KIP ON THE ROAD.

grocer, the butcher and the baker all want horses of medium weight and reasonably quick pace.

The thoroughbred is a magnificent animal. Primarily only a gambling tool in a country where but little riding to hounds is done, he yet has qualities which, when crossed with trotting stock, help to produce an animal of unrivaled beauty, speed, bottom and value.

Industrial America owes a big debt to the men who have developed its trotter and roadster stock, and to none more than to Robert Bonner.

Mr. Bonner is the ideal of the horseman. He has never raced a horse for money or won a dollar on a track in his life, yet there has not been a time in twenty-five years when he has not owned the best trotting and road horses in the world. He has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars upon his hobby and benefited trotting stock in America incalculably, and yet his efforts in this direction are due to an accident. If Mr. Bonner had not in the prime of life been advised by his physician to drive twenty miles a day for the benefit of his health Dexter might have died a cart horse, Maud S. have been bought from Mr. Vanderbilt by some of the racing men who pestered him to sell and the great Bonner stable might never have been heard of. For when Mr. Bonner once began taking his twenty-mile ride he could not bear to see another man pass him on the road. The rest followed naturally.

Mr. Frank Work is another famous owner and user of fast roadsters. It was Mr. Work who chaffed Mr. Vanderbilt for a race when the latter owned Maud

ROBERT BONNER TAKING HIS TWENTY MILE RIDE.

S. and Aldine. It was Mr. Work, too, who took the Duke of Marlborough up the road, on the occasion of his first visit to this country, behind Dick Swiveller. As the pair fairly flew along the level road the duke's eyes bulged out with excitement and he grasped the buggy seat with both hands, fearing every moment that the whole affair—seeming so fragile to an Englishman's eyes—would be smashed into kindling wood. That was some years ago. This summer it is announced that the duke has purchased a lot of Kentucky trotting stock to take to England. Evidently he liked the sensation after he got used to it.

There are plenty of old New York families whose taste for horses has always been pronounced. Col. Lawrence Kip has been for years a veritable treasure house of valuable lore concerning the trotters along the road, and their owners. The Turnbulls, Lawrences, Jays, Sheppard Knapps, Webbs, Bloodgoods, Bronsons, Rives, Underhills, Sturgises and Vanderbilts are names which occur with remarkable frequency in the annals of the old Bloomingdale road years ago, then of the boulevard and finally, as the city grew and encroached upon the old resorts, of the region along the Macomb's dam drive.

Society in New York takes its tone very largely from England in horsey matters. All the young men in the smart set have practiced until they can shift their cigars from their mouths to the rein hand before lifting their hats to the ladies of their acquaintance, as deftly as that mirror of good form and bad morals, the prince of Wales himself. The drivers' salute which one sees on a London 'bus—that rigid lifting of the right arm with the whip held perpendicularly—can be seen in its perfection any day on Fifth avenue. The Coaching club's annual parade on Fifth avenue is as fine a sight as the parade in London, or James Gordon Bennett's famous appearance on the Avenue de l'Opera and Champs Elysees in Paris. It is becoming more and more the custom every year to take the coaching and carriage horses into the country. Mr. Ward McAllister has had his horses with him in Saratoga for a month, off and on. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will have at Newport her carriage horses bought for twelve thousand dollars from M. Thome, of Paris, and driven by Napoleon III.'s old postilion Baillot. A considerable section of the Coaching club traveled all the way from New York to Dr. Seward Webb's enormous place near Burlington, Vt., in a four-in-hand pulled by relays of horses.

The rise and increase of the passion for coaching has created a demand for hackney horses, and a National Hackney Horse association has been formed

THEY COPY THE PRINCE OF WALES' STYLE.

to control and encourage their importation and breeding. Seward Webb, John A. Logan, Jr., and A. J. Cassatt are prime movers in the enterprise, and Mr. Logan has imported from England a considerable number of the hackneys. For purposes of speculation this will do very well, as anything English will sell in this country, and some wretchedly stocky specimens of the genus hackney, beasts not worth their passage across the Atlantic, have taken prizes in their class in this country. But all lovers of the American trotter and roadster will be sorry to see too great an infusion into the trotting blood of the country of the coarser blood of the English horse. A Norfolk or Yorkshirk hackney who can travel in better than three minutes is regarded, and justly, as a marvel. Perhaps a small element of the stout, serviceable hackney strain would not harm American carriage and buggy horses, but it is difficult to see why anyone should care to import hackneys in numbers except to gratify a passing whim.

Akin to the present demand for hackneys is the curious passion there has always been for "high stepping," or sensational dress parade horses for pulling the family carriage. A stylish built team of horses, well matched in color and trained to endure a cruelly tight check rein, who lift their feet at every step as if picking their way over a succession of low hurdles, will always command a ready sale in New York. Their action is absolutely inconsistent with sustained speed, but they look well in action, or rather, correspond to the requirements of a vicious and unnatural taste.

The model carriage horse, to be driven either singly or to the pole, may be of Messenger or Morgan blood, or Hambletonian or a descendent of the great Mambrino family. He may be of medium size and may be below it; his neck must be muscular at the base and taper rapidly, his muzzle fine, eye prominent and large, hips powerful, bones fine and small, flesh well distributed. He will be kindly in disposition if well trained, and will be good for a reasonable degree of speed for years. His gait will be natural and swinging. He will lie close to the ground and waste no time in perpendicular action. He may be of any color to suit individual taste. With such a horse a reasonable man may go "down the road" and be happy.

DAVID WECHSLER.

An Expensive Item.

Spriggins (joyfully)—Prof. Atkinson, the great economist, has invented an oven which reduces the cost of cooking one-half. The heat is supplied by an ordinary kerosene lamp.

Wife (doubtfully)—I guess he hasn't figured up the cost of lamp chimneys.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not a Marriage for Money.

Father (sternly)—Do you expect my daughter to be a party to a marriage for money, sir?

Suitor (bashfully)—N-no, sir—but it can't be, sir. I really haven't a cent.—Daily Continent.

The Correct Term.

Editor-in-chief (to managing editor)—I understand that James has resigned.

Managing Editor—James has abdicated, sir, not resigned. James, you know, was office-boy.—Jury.

A Pertinent Question.

He (coming home late)—Very sorry, my dear, but I was detained down town by some pressing business.

She—Pressing business! H'm! Was it your typewriter girl?—Munsey's Weekly.

Didn't Want to Know Him.

Paying-Teller—You will have to be identified—have some one introduce you to me—before I can cash this check.

Young Lady (haughtily)—I do not care to know you, sir.—

PITH AND POINT.

—A Rochester man says he never gets a piece of toast "as hot as toast," or a cucumber "as cool as a cucumber."—Rochester Post-Express.

—Post-Mortem Praise.—Tom—"Hurly was a good man." Jack—"How do you know he was?" Tom—"I saw it on his tombstone."—Yankee Blade.

—An Expert Opinion.—New Owner (proudly showing horse)—"Rather high-bred, don't you think, eh?" Horse Expert—"Y-e-s, rather hybrid, that's a fact."

—A Misfortune.—Tom—"Have you heard? Egotiste has become suddenly dumb." Jack—"Too bad. There will be no one to sound his praises now."—Yankee Blade.

—A Woman's Theory.—He (vaguely)—"Wonder what those strange cries are, out toward the sunset?" She (languidly)—"Perhaps it is the mewing of the catboats."

—"Here are some of the best jokes in my line that were written, even if they didn't get into print," remarked the ice man as he looked over his cash-book.—Washington Post.

—On Tick.—"How are you getting along nowadays, Vickers?" "Finely. I'm living like a prince, so to speak." "Think you will ever be able to settle?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Author—"These two books—I hardly know what to call them—are waiting for titles." Jobbots—"Why don't you call them 'American Heiresses,' then?"—Harvard Lampoon.

—Woman is coming right along. It is said that about one-third of them are engaged in remunerative employment, and no doubt many more are anxious to be engaged.—Lowell Courier.

—Brigs—"You know that old suit of mine? I sold it for ten dollars to-day." Griggs—"How nice." Brigs—"Not at all. I had to take the money and make the first payment on my tailor's bill."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—July 4. What an unearthly noise?" "It's only the cracker bakery, next door." "Do you mean to say they can't bake crackers without making all that racket?" "Certainly not—fire crackers."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Higher Game.—Miss Palisade—"There goes Clara Slimson with that Twillinger fellow. Isn't it just like her to wear her best dress?" Miss Summit—"Why you stupid, she isn't going fishing for fish."—Cloak Review.

—"Nothing," said Mr. Tozer, sadly, "equals the skepticism of married women." "You're mistaken, my dear," answered Mrs. Tozer, "there is one thing." "What is it?" "The credulity of the unmarried ones."—Detroit Tribune.

—Little Brother—"I say, sis, there's a mouse in the room." His Sister (jumping on a chair)—"Oh, horrors! Where?" Brother—"Right there near the rug." Sister—"Oh, dear! What shall I do? I can't see him!" Brother (walking away)—"Of course you can't; he's inside the cat."

—He Expected Too Much.—"Why, where's your ring?" said one telephone girl to another. "Aren't you engaged to Charlie Slow?" "I used to be," replied the other, "but he insisted on kissing me through the 'phone, so I had to ring off."—Binghamton Republican.

—Watts—"What was the decision in the case of that fellow supposed to be crazy about baseball?" Potts—"They concluded to wait until the season is over. It is difficult at this season of year to distinguish a baseball maniac from the ordinary crank."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"What makes you so late coming to school this morning?" asked Mr. Leonard, a teacher in one of the New York public schools, of a tardy pupil. "They arrested a burglar in Fifty-eighth street, and ma sent me to the station-house to see if it was pa," was the reply.—Christian at Work.

—Why Mr. Calliper Has No Sawmill.—"I see by the papers," said Mr. Calliper, "that a man in Storkville Center, Vt., offers to bet a sawmill against a pair of copper-tipped shoes that his seven-year-old boy can open and shut more doors in half an hour and slam them louder than any boy of his age east of the Mississippi river. I should certainly take that bet for my boy Clarence if I had room on this place to set up a sawmill."—N. Y. Sun.

SHE PACKED TOO MUCH.

The Appeal of One Woman to Another Across the Hallway.

Said a woman who lives in an apartment hotel: "Just as I was going out to-day the lady in the rooms across the hallway of the apartment hotel begged to see me. She looked dreadfully, and she was half crying.

"'Won't you please lend me a dress, or—or a cloak. I have got to catch a train,' she gasped.

"She seemed to need a dress, but I knew her only slightly, and I made up my mind she had gone mad.

"'My trunks have all gone,' she wailed. 'John is to meet me at the wharf. We sail for Europe in an hour. I simply can't miss the boat. I have no one to turn to. I can not get a dress made; you can see that yourself. If you have a human heart you will help me out. Give me a cloak and—and a pair of shoes, and a—a thick veil. Oh! please be quick.'

"I told her that she needed rest and perfect quiet, and that I would rub her head. I asked where she got the dress she had on.

"'It's an old thing I was going to leave,' she sobbed, 'and I don't want my head rubbed. I want some clothes. You see, packing in such warm work, I decided to put on these old things and just slippers. You must give me shoes, too, and—oh, I shall miss that boat.'

"'My dear madam'——

"'Oh, don't you understand?' she shrieked: 'I have packed everything—everything. The clean clothes I laid out, and my traveling dress, and everything. They are all packed—and gone—gone. I forgot I had all these things on—and I packed everything—everything, and John is at the wharf now and with the children from their grandmother's, and you will not help me.'

"She went completely into hysterics right in my hallway, poor little woman. She was a good deal smaller than I, but I fixed her up. I wonder what John said when he saw her."—N. Y. Sun.

Judging by Contrasts.

"So your first love married a doctor, eh?"

"Yes. She seemed cut out for a doctor's wife."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I don't know what impression [illegible]

Lewis Hardware Company, RHINELANDER.

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THE OCTOROON

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

them, and recognized the Octoroon in the moonlight.

"She here!" he cried. "Cora!"

The passionate love of his guilty heart returned as he gazed upon the unconscious girl, and a thrill of jealousy vibrated through the dark recesses of his soul, as he beheld the lovely head of the Octoroon resting upon Mortimer's shoulder.

"I am not surprised, Percy, at your sympathy for Gerald Leslie's daughter," he said, with a sneer; "she is, of course, one of your friends, for she dared to turn me out of her house, dismissing me from her presence as if she had been a queen."

"You!" exclaimed Percy.

"Yes," replied his cousin, "because I had the impertinence to pay her a few idle compliments."

"Augustus Horton," said Mortimer, gravely, "you remember a clause in our contract of partnership, which provides for the agreement being canceled at pleasure, by either of the two partners?"

"I do."

"Then I am the first to cancel that bond. From this night I cease to be your partner."

"So be it!" replied Augustus. "It is not for me to object to such a proposal, but have a care, Mortimer, and remember that by such a proceeding you lose half your estate."

"I shall have enough left to enable me to live far from a country which I henceforth renounce. As to your sister, you can tell her that I restore her her liberty."

"That is needless," answered Augustus, haughtily, "for she herself has declared her intention of breaking with you for ever."

"How?"

"She has presumed to fall in love with Mr. Gilbert Margrave, the gentleman who prefers an Octoroon to the heiress of one of the proudest families in Louisiana."

"It was jealousy, then, that prompted her denunciation of Cora Leslie," said Mortimer.

"It was."

"So much the better for her. That, at least, is some excuse for her conduct. Hush! here they come."

Bill Bowen and the mulatto appeared, as Percy spoke, carrying between them the prostrate form of Gilbert Margrave. The young man was quite unconscious, the breast of his shirt dyed crimson by the blood which welled from his wound. Toby and Bowen placed him upon the rocky seat which had been occupied by Cora.

"The ball has struck him in the side," said Bowen. "I guess it's about all over with the Britisher."

At the sound of these words of evil import, Cora Leslie opened her eyes, and, beholding the bleeding and prostrate form of her lover, flung herself on her knees at his feet.

"Gilbert, Gilbert!" she cried; "dead; and I am the cause of this." The mulatto placed his hand upon the breast of the wounded man.

"The heart beats, though faintly," he said; "dear mistress, he will be saved."

"Will you allow him to be carried to your father's villa, Miss Leslie?" said Mortimer; "I will accompany you thither."

"Ah, Mr. Percy," exclaimed Cora, "you are all goodness."

"A hundred dollars for your trouble, Bowen, if you'll assist us in carrying this poor fellow to the boat," said Mortimer.

"A hundred dollars—I'm your man!" replied the American. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Horton, business is business, you know," he added, to Augustus.

Mortimer Percy and the mulatto gathered together several strong branches from the fallen wood lying beneath the trees, and twisted them into a rude litter on which they laid the unconscious Englishman.

One end of this litter was carried by Toby, the other by William Bowen, Cora and Mortimer walking by the side of the wounded man.

In this order they started for the landing-place, where Gilbert's boat was await them.

Augustus Horton stood for some moments watching their receding figures in the moonlight.

"My curses on them," he muttered; "I thought tonight's business would have settled for my proud Cora's English lover, and I have but favored my rival's chance by what I have done. If this Gilbert Margrave should recover, of course he will be all love and gratitude for his beautiful nurse, who will watch and tend him in his hour of danger. But, no matter, Craig and I have a powerful hold on Gerald Leslie, and his daughter's love shall be the price of his safety. She would not like to see her father penniless. Or, if to the last she refuses to hear reason, the public auction will soon settle her scruples. If I cannot win her as my mistress, I can, at least, buy her as—my slave!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE morning after the duel, Augustus Horton returned to New Orleans. Even in his jealousy of Gilbert Margrave and his guilty passion for the beautiful Octoroon, he did not abandon the thought of more ambitious schemes; and he was still determined to win the hand and the fortune of Camillia Moraquitos.

The first intelligence that greeted him on his return was the news of Paul Lisimon's escape from prison.

The planter was furious. This dreaded rival was, then, at liberty.

The trial, which was to have ended in his disgrace and condemnation, would, perhaps, never take place, and Camillia might still believe in the honor and honesty of her lover.

That which he sought was to render Paul utterly contemptible in the sight of the haughty Spanish girl, and he felt that he had, in a great measure, failed.

He dispatched a special messenger to Iberville with a letter for Silas Craig, informing him of the young Mexican's escape.

"Lose no time in returning to New Orleans," he wrote. "I need the help of your craft in this business. There must be some mystery in this Lisimon escape, and you are the man to unravel it."

This done, he ordered his horse, and attended by his groom, rode at once to Villa Moraquitos. He was determined to expedite matters, and enlist the Spaniard in his behalf. This he knew he could do, as Don Juan [illegible] the next few [illegible] have on their hands [illegible]

his study, though little trace of studious habits was to be found within its walls.

The paneling of this chamber was adorned with weapons of every kind, arranged in symmetrical order upon the walls. Cutlasses, pistols, and carbines, of polished steel, inlaid with gold and enamel, hung in glittering array side by side with charts of that ocean upon which, if scandalous tongues were correct, Don Juan Moraquitos had for many years been a rover.

When Augustus Horton entered this room the Spaniard was standing near an open window, his arms folded, his head bent upon his breast, moodily puffing a cheroot. He started as his visitor was announced, and, recovering himself as if by an effort, advanced to greet him.

"This is kind, my dear Augustus," he said, "but I thought you had left New Orleans for Hortonville."

"It is quite true—I left yesterday."

"And returned this morning?"

"Yes."

"Capricious boy! So soon tired of your rural retreat?"

"You cannot guess the cause of my return?"

"No, indeed."

"What, Don Juan! Can you not imagine that there may be a loadstar shining in this city, which draws me back to it in spite of myself?"

"Ah! I begin to understand. And that loadstar is—"

"Your daughter, Camillia."

The Spaniard was silent for some moments, as if absorbed in thought. Then, turning to the planter, he said gravely, "Augustus Horton, I have long foreseen this. I will freely own to you, that some time since, I cherished more ambitious views for my only child. We Spaniards are a proud race, and I once hoped that the husband of my daughter might be one of the haughty nobles of my distant land. But that is past now," he added, with a sigh; "your rank is as high as that of any man in Louisiana. You are no penniless adventurer who seeks to enrich himself by marriage. You are young, handsome, wealthy. Win her, then, you have my free consent."

"And your assistance?"

"Yes."

"But if she should refuse?"

"I cannot force her wishes. She is my only child, the sole treasure of an old man's heart. If you cannot win her love, you must submit to her refusal of her hand."

Augustus Horton retired with many expressions of gratitude and affection, but once outside the chamber his brow darkened and he clinched his fist as he muttered with an oath—

"This Spaniard is like some foolish old woman. He cannot force his daughter's wishes, forsooth; and the double fortune of Don Juan Moraquitos and Don Tomaso Crivelli may go to any handsome adventurer, upon whom Donna Camillia chooses to bestow her affection."

As these thoughts were busy in his brain, he crossed the spacious hall on his way to Camillia's apartments.

In the corridor leading to the young girl's boudoir, he met Pauline Corsi.

He did not stop to speak to her, but passed her with a careless bow—such a salute as a man only bestows upon one whom he thinks far beneath him.

It did not escape the keen observation of the Frenchwoman. "So," she murmured, as she glanced back at the American, "I am a governess—a dependent—unworthy of your notice. Mr. Horton, the day may come when you will find me no weak enemy!"

She broke into the merry chorus of a gay French song, as she finished speaking, and tripped away, warbling like some joyous bird.

None could have dreamed the dark thoughts that lurked beneath that joyous exterior.

Augustus Horton entered the boudoir, and lifting a rose-colored silken curtain which shrouded the doorway, gazed in silence upon the occupant of the chamber.

The heiress was seated near the open window, her rounded elbow, firm and polished as unveined marble, resting on the cushion of her chair, her head leaning on her hand, her lustrous eyes veiled by the silken lashes that curtained them; her whole attitude bespeaking the profoundest melancholy.

The planter gazed upon her with admiration, but it was admiration unmingled with love.

It was with the same feeling he would have experienced in looking at some gorgeous picture.

His eye was bewitched by the exquisite coloring, the perfect form, but his heart was untouched.

Nothing could be more complete than the contrast between the Spanish girl and the Octoroon.

Both were beautiful—both had eyes of deepest black, but the orbs of Cora Leslie were soft and pensive, while those of Camillia Moraquitos flashed with the burning flames of a southern clime.

Cora's oval cheeks were pale as the unsullied leaf of the water lily; Camillia's glowed with the rich crimson blush of that splendid hue, rarely seen save in the petals of the damask rose.

But each had offended the pride of the planter, and he determined that each should pay a bitter penalty for having dared to prefer another.

He told his suit and was rejected with scorn.

Nay, more, he saw that not only was he utterly indifferent to the Spanish girl—there was something beyond the indifference in her manner—something even more powerful than scorn—there was hatred!

Infuriated by this discovery, he determined to fathom her reason "Camillia Moraquitos," he said, with outward calmness, beneath which raged suppressed passion, "you have rejected the offer of a devoted heart. Be it so! I cannot force your compliance. You love another; no doubt some honorable man, whose unsullied name will shed a luster upon the woman he weds."

The Spanish girl's head dropped as Augustus said this, with chilling irony.

She felt that he knew her secret, and the bitterness of the sneer wounded her to the heart.

"But this is not all," continued the planter; "not only do you love another, but you hate me. I ask you why this is so?"

"Shall I tell you?" she asked gravely, lifting her flashing eyes, and looking him full in the face.

"Yes."

"Heaven forgive me if I wrong you, Augustus Horton, but some secret instinct tells me that you were associated with that pitiful wretch, Silas Craig, in the plot which brought disgrace upon the name of one——"

"Who is very dear to you! Is it not so, Donna Camillia?"

"Yes," she answered, proudly, "I have never before confessed my love to a mortal. I confess it now to you. It will at least prove my belief in his innocence."

"Mr. Paul Lisimon is a very happy man to possess so fair a defender," said Augustus, with studied sarcasm; "no doubt the escaped felon, the runaway thief, will return to New Orleans are long. The [illegible] bride, though, I fear [illegible] its labors [illegible] hour he shows his face [illegible]

meantime, I withdraw all pretentions to your hand. I cannot hope for success against such a rival."

He bowed haughtily, and withdrew, laughing bitterly. In the ante-room without, he found the negro, Tristan, lying on an embroidered rug, close against the boudoir door.

"Dog!" exclaimed Augustus; "you have been listening?"

"Do not be angry, massa, with the poor nigger. What if the dog can help you?"

"Help me?"

"Yes, dogs are sometimes useful. Have you ever seen a bloodhound hunt down a runaway slave, oh, massa? Ah! you have seen that. Many a time, I dare say. Many a time have set the dogs on yourself to capture your lost property. There are human bloodhounds, massa, who can hunt down an enemy as the dog hunts the poor slave. Your enemy is Tristan's enemy too. Say, massa, shall we work together?"

The planter looked at the negro with a glance of contempt.

"What can we have in common?" he said, scornfully.

"Love, massa, love and hate! We both love the same woman, we both hate the same man."

Augustus laughed aloud, "You—you love Camillia Moraquitos?" he exclaimed, with consummate disdain.

"And why not?" cried the negro, striking himself upon the breast; "the heart within is of the same form, though the skin is of another color. I love her, love her, not as you white men love but with the passionate fury of the African, which is stronger than death or fate. A jealous fever, which is close akin to hate and murder. I love her, and I know that she would look with loathing on this black face. I know that she can never be mine—but she shall not be his. No, no! I could better bear to see her wedded to you, for she would not love you. She would pine and die, and I would kill myself upon her grave, and know that she never blest the man she loved. Say, massa, shall I help you?"

Augustus Horton gazed at the negro for some moments, with a look of mingled surprise and disdain. There was something almost terrific in the fiery energy of the African. Something, which in its terror approached almost to sublimity.

"Shall I serve you, massa?" said Tristan.

"Yes," exclaimed the planter, "you shall be my bloodhound, and help me to hunt down my enemies."

CHAPTER XX.

IN the far depths of a California forest, the timber roof of a solitary log hut peeped through the trees.

It was a dreary dilapidated building, which had been deserted by former settlers, and neglected by those who now dwelt in it.

The rough wooden shutters that sheltered the one solitary window were rotting upon their hinges; the wind whistled in shrill cadences through the crevices of the logs.

As far as the eye could reach there was no vestige of any human habitation, while the rustling of the leaves and the hungry howls of the wolves only broke the silence of the night.

It was difficult to imagine this place to be the dwelling of any civilized being; but yet it was tenanted by two men, who had lived in it for the best part of a year, attended by a negro slave, an honest fellow, who served them as faithfully in that dreary retreat as if they had dwelt in a palace.

The night had fallen; the winds shrieked, like some troubled spirit, amid the branches of the trees; red streaks of light gleamed through the cracks of the window shutters and the crevices of the rude timber edifice; the door of the hut is securely closed, though in that lonely region there is little need of bolt and bar.

Let us peep into the neglected building, and gaze unseen upon its occupants.

The two men are seated on either side of a blazing fire of brushwood and broken timber, while the negro sits on a low stool, at a respectful distance, waiting till his masters may have need of his services.

His honest face beams with good temper and contentment, even in that dreary abode.

But it is not so with his masters.

They are both smoking long cherry-stemmed meerschaum pipes, and they sit in silence, their eyes gloomily fixed upon the blazing fire.

It is impossible to judge of their rank in life, for they are both dressed in cutaway velveteen coats, corduroy breeches and great hob-nail boots—serviceable garments suited to their rude life, but which elsewhere would be worn only by laboring men.

They are both in the prime of life, and one is rather handsome; but they have allowed their hair and whiskers to grow in the roughest fashion, and their faces are bronzed by constant exposure to every variety of weather.

The elder of the two is the first to speak.

"Well, Brown," he says, with a sigh of weariness, "nearly a year has gone since we set foot in this dreary district and no good done yet."

The younger man shrugged his shoulders as he removed his pipe from his mouth and knocked out the ashes of tobacco upon the rough stone hearth.

"Yes, a year, a year," he muttered, "and no hope of return yet. No hope of justice being done to the innocent, and punishment and confusion brought upon the guilty."

"Brown," said his companion, "do you remember our first meeting?"

"Yes, we met in the streets of San Francisco; both penniless, yet both determined to conquer fortune, and to ring from the bowels of our mother earth the gold which should enable us to achieve the purposes of our lives."

"You remember we formed a chance acquaintance, which afterward ripened into friendship."

"It did," answered the other man. "But at the same time we entered into a singular agreement. We resolved that whatever our past history might be, it should remain buried in oblivion, so long as we dwelt together in the wilds of California. We agreed that neither should tell his companion the secrets of his life, or the purpose which he had to accomplish in the future; that even our names should be unknown to each other, and that though living together upon the footing of friends and brothers, we should address each other merely as Brown and Smith."

"Yes, this was our bond."

"We further resolved that we would spend the last dollars we possessed in the purchase of a set of implements, and that we would penetrate into the lonelliest tract in the continent, into recesses never visited by the herd of gold diggers, [illegible] the soil [illegible] districts where the precious ore has been found. We determined to search for our prize where none had sought before us, and we resolved to brave every hardship, to endure every peril, for the several ends of our lives."

"We did."

"At San Francisco, we picked up our faithful Sambo yonder," said the man known as Brown, looking to the negro, "and we got a bargain."

"Because poor Sambo was lame, massa. Very few gentlemen will buy lame niggers."

"Lame or not, we found you a treasure, Sambo, and between us we soon contrived to cure your lame leg, and made you as sound as the best of us."

"Yes," cried the negro, grinning from ear to ear, "you did, massa, you did. Kind good massa, Sambo never forget."

"Well, Smith, after eight good months' labor in this district we find ourselves—"

"About as well off as when we came here," answered the other; "we contrived to find a little gold dust during our first month's work, and that has enabled us to pay for the supplies we've had from the nearest village, and to keep up the war all the time; but beyond that we've had no luck whatever."

"None; therefore my proposal is that we leave this place to-morrow at daybreak, and try a fresh district."

The eyes of the man who called himself Smith, sparkled at this proposition, but the negro interposed with an exclamation of terror—

"You'll nobber go to-morrow, massa," he cried; "'cause poor nigger what ought to mind his own business, but surely massa will nebber go to-morrow?"

"And why not to-morrow?" asked Brown.

"Because to-morrow Friday; massa, Friday bery unlucky day."

"An unlucky day, Sambo, is it?" answered his master; "faith I think every day has been precious unlucky to us for the last eight months."

The negro shook his woolly head, and showed two rows of white teeth.

"Friday bery unlucky day, massa," he said.

"But," answered Brown, laughing, "if it's an unlucky day for leaving this place, I suppose it's just as unlucky for staying and doing another turn at the pickax."

"Don't know that, massa," said the negro, "but Friday bery unlucky day."

"I'll tell you what then," continued Brown, "suppose we take Sambo's advice, for once in a way, Smith, and put off moving to new quarters till the day after to-morrow. We can spend to-morrow in digging the ground about that little creek three miles to the east of this. You remember our passing the spot once on our way home after a hard day's work."

"Perfectly! a miserable, unlikely-looking place enough; I don't fancy if we dug for a twelvemonth we should ever get any good out of it. However, we've wasted so many days that we can't grudge one more, so I'm quite agreeable to stop."

"So be it, then," answered Brown. "Sambo, get our tools in order before you go to bed, and be sure you call us early to-morrow morning."

The two friends flung themselves down upon a couple of rough straw mattresses and the negro brought out a heap of dried grass and withered leaves which served him as a bed, and upon which he laid himself down after carefully preparing the tools for the morning's work.

The two diggers, before they lay down, offered up a short but heartfelt prayer, that Heaven would be pleased to smile upon their honest endeavors and bless their labors.

During the eight months in which they had dwelt in that dreary region they had never once failed to make this supplication, and, fruitless as their toil had been hitherto their faith had never failed them.

They still trusted that a divine and gracious Providence would, in due time, reward their efforts.

At daybreak the next morning, the three men set out, and walked to the creek at which they were to work before they eat their rough breakfast.

Then after offering up another prayer, they took their spades and pickaxes and went to work with good will.

But the day wore on and no result attended their labors.

The negro, Sambo, worked untiringly, and cheered his masters' toil by his merry songs and grotesque capers.

It grew toward evening, and Brown proposed that they should collect their tools and walk homeward, but Smith was anxious to work for half an hour longer, and his companion was too good-natured to oppose his fancy.

The half hour had nearly expired, the dusk was rapidly gathering around them, the lower branches of the trees were streaked with crimson and gold by the last rays of the setting sun, and Brown was thinking sadly how many a day such as this they had wasted, and how many a sun had gone down upon their disappointment, when he was aroused from his reverie by a loud exclamation from Smith, and a wild shout of joy from the negro.

His companion's spade had struck against a nugget of gold.

He had dug the precious lump of ore from its watery bed, and he had fallen upon his knees in the clay and dirt to offer up a thanksgiving to that Eternal Being who alone can give or withhold all blessings.

The man called Brown clasped his hands and lifted his eyes to Heaven, "Oh, merciful Providence!" he cried, "we have waited Thy good pleasure, hopefully, for we knew Thy unfailing justice."

The three men worked till the moon rose high above their heads. They had struck upon a vein of gold, and their labors were amply rewarded.

They returned home laden with the dull yellow metal, which is the master key of all earthly power, the magic influence which can make all men slaves.

They returned the next day to the same spot, and worked again, and continued to do so till they were rich beyond their wildest hopes.

Then they packed their wealth in such a manner as to escape suspicion from any unscrupulous travelers they might encounter, and still followed by their faith follower, Sambo, set out for San Francisco.

"When we once more set foot in the east," said Brown, as they turned their backs on the dilapidated log-hut, "I will tell you my past history, the secret of my life, and the purpose I have to achieve in the future. In the meantime let us remain as we have been before, ignorant of all concerning each other, save that we are both honest men who trust in Providence. Shall it be so?"

"Yes," answered Smith; "friend, brother, it shall be as you say. Heaven shield those we go to save."

CHAPTER XXI.

LET us return to New Orleans and to the Villa Moraquitos. An hour after Augustus Horton left the boudoir of Camillia, the Spanish heiress and her companion Paul [illegible] the Corsi were seated, side by side, in a deep recess of a window, looking out upon the shining waters of the Mississippi.

"So you have rejected him, Camillia?" said Pauline.

"Rejected him!" repeated the Spanish girl, contemptuously, "could you ever dream that I should do otherwise?"

"And yet Augustus Horton is rich, young, handsome, distinguished—"

"He may be all that," interrupted Camillia. "Yet I have no feeling for him but indifference—nay, contempt."

"Shall I tell you the secret of that indifference?" said Pauline, with a smile.

"If you please," answered Camillia carelessly.

"The secret is your love for another. Ay, that start and blush would betray you had naught else already done so. My foolish Camillia, did you think to conceal the truth from one who had known you from childhood? On the day of Paul Lisimon's apprehension I told him that I had long known all."

"Forgive me, dear Pauline, if I have seemed wanting in candor," said Camillia; "but it was Paul who bade me be silent."

"Yes, Paul, who feared that the governess might betray her pupil. Now, listen to me, Camillia. The story of my life is a strange one. The day may come when I may choose to reveal it, but that day has not yet arrived. The history of the past may have done much to embitter a heart that was not once all base. I am ambitious, proud — though policy has taught me to conceal my pride—dependence, even on those I like, is painful to me; all this I have learnt to hide beneath a gay exterior."

"Pauline, you terrify me!" exclaimed Camillia, "this power of concealing your feelings—"

"Is akin to falsehood, is it not Camillia? No matter. For the first time I speak the truth to you about myself. You have been kind, generous, affectionate I should be worse than a murderess could I break your heart, for to break your heart would be to kill you—and yet, Camillia, three days ago I should have been capable of that infamy."

"Pauline—Pauline!"

"Ah, well may you open those large black eyes with that gaze of horror and amazement. Yes, I repeat, three days ago I should have been capable of this; because I am ambitious, and the ambitious will trample on the most sacred ties to attain the golden goal of their wishes. But this is past. Another road has opened to me, and henceforth, Camillia Moraquitos, I will be your friend. Say, will you trust me?"

Pauline Corsi fixed her large, limpid blue eyes upon the face of her pupil with an earnest glance of inquiry.

"Will you trust me, Camillia?"

"Yes, Pauline! your words have terrified and bewildered me, but I feel that whatever you may be, you are not deceiving me now."

"I am not, indeed!" answered Pauline; "it is agreed then—you will trust me?"

"I will!"

"Tell me, then, do you love Paul Lisimon?"

"Truly, eternally!"

"And for that love you are prepared to sacrifice all ambitious hopes? You, who have much of your father's haughty nature, can reconcile yourself to a life of comparative poverty and obscurity for the sake of him you love?"

"It would be no sacrifice," answered Camillia; "poverty would have no trials if shared with him."

"But, remember, Camillia Moraquitos, think of his unknown birth—low and obscure no doubt as are all mysterious lineages—would not that cause you to blush for your lover—your husband?"

"I could never blush for him while I knew him to be honest and honorable."

"Ay, but even then how bitter would be your trial! Do not forget that his honor has been sullied by a foul suspicion—that he has been branded as a thief!"

"I forget nothing. I know that I love him and trust him. We cannot love those we do not trust."

"Enough," answered Pauline, "now listen to me. I tell you a new road has opened to my ambitious hopes. I shall win wealth and station, without sacrificing you or your lover. Nay, more, I promise you that the day that sees the fulfillment of my wishes, shall also see you the bride of Paul Lisimon."

"Pauline, what mean you?"

"Seek to know nothing—only trust me. There are dark obscurities in the pathway of guilt, which I would not have you penetrate. I have promised to befriend you in all things. What if the foul plot, which, as I believe, has been hatched by that villainous attorney, Silas Craig, were brought to light by my agency? Would you thank me for that, Camillia?"

"Thank you, Pauline? Oh, if you could but clear him I love from the vile accusation brought against him, I would be your grateful slave to the end of life."

"I do not ask that—I only ask patience and confidence. I hold a power over Silas Craig, which none other possesses, and on the day which crowns my hopes, he shall be made to confess his infamy, and withdraw the charge against Paul Lisimon."

"Pauline, Pauline," exclaimed Camillia; "my benefactress, my preserver."

"Hush!" said the Frenchwoman, laying her finger on her lips, "remember, patience and caution."

As she spoke, Pepita, Camillia's old nurse entered the room. "Oh, missy," said the faithful mulattress, "there is a sailorman below, who has fine silks and laces to show you, if you'll only look at his merchandise. Such bargains, he says, missy."

"But I don't wan't to see them," replied Camillia, indifferently; "tell the man to take his goods somewhere else, Pepita."

"Stay," interrupted Pauline; "we may as well look at these bargains."

"Ay, do, ma'mosello," said Pepita; "it will amuse poor missy. Poor missy very ill lately."

"Why do you wish to see this man?" asked Camillia, when the mulattress had left the apartment.

"Because I have an idea that we should do wrong in refusing to admit him. We shall see whether I am right or not."

The Finger Ring.

There are two precious stones that tend to make the hand look extremely white, and these are the emerald and the sapphire. Women, more than ever, are wearing rings on their fingers. How many know where the first ring came from. Straight from fairy land. A merry sprite who loved a little fairy, danced with her on the green until he was drunk with moonshine, and he lost his ring. It was found by a peasant girl and she gave it to her lover, and these two were happy ever after. That's the story of the first ring. One hopes it will be the story of every ring that is ever given for dear love's sake.—N. Y. Sun.

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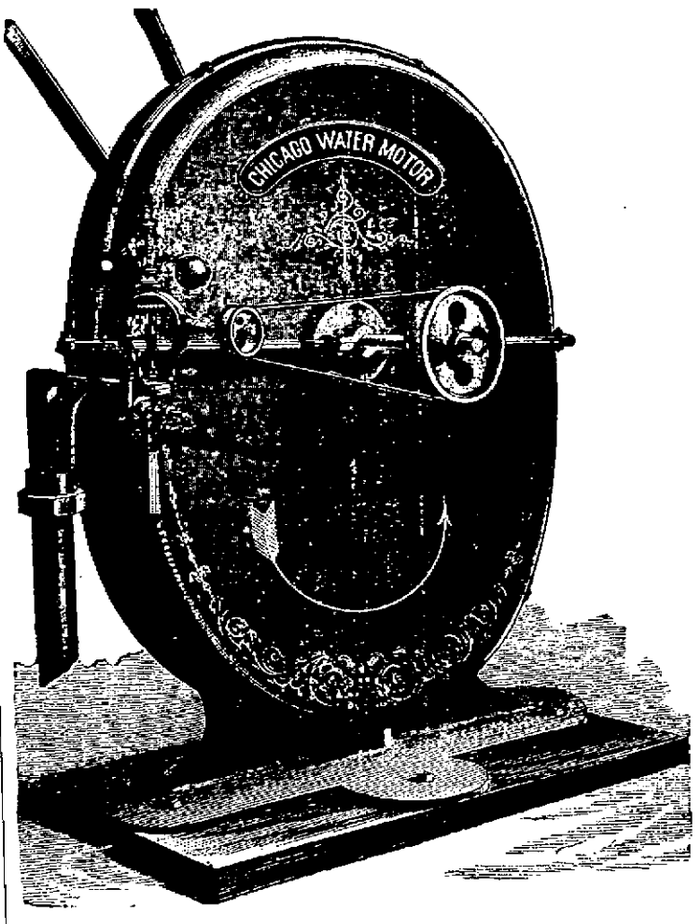

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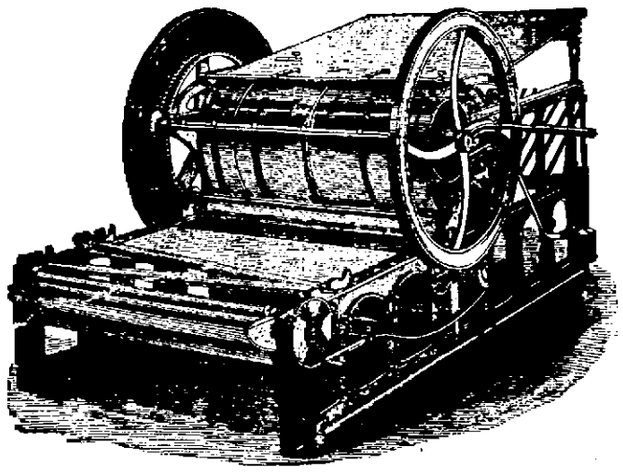


The Job Department.

Is the most complete of any in this section.

A Cylinder Power Press and Two Job Presses Driven by Water Power.

THE FINEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF TYPE AND OTHER MATERIALS.

THE NEW NORTH.

Published Thursday of each week by

The Rhinelander Printing Company.

GEO. W. BISHOP. WM. C. OGDEN.

Subscription price, in advance..........$1.50
If not paid in advance.......... 2.00
Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.
Local notice 10 cents per line, first insertion. 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Address all communications to

THE RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.
Rhinelander, Wis.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Treasurer	G. H. Clark
County Clerk	E. P. Brennan
Sheriff	L. Merikle
District Attorney	A. W. Shelton
County Judge	J. W. McCormick
Register of Deeds	D. S. Johnson
Clerk of Court	Jage Sturdevant
Supt. of Schools	A. D. Prideaux
Surveyor	T. Lennon
Coroner	

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES.

Congregational Church.

SERVICES every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., 6on Service at 7:30 P. M. and regular service at 8:30 Sabbath school immediately after morning service.

Catholic Church.

SERVICES every Sunday: Mass services at 10:30 A. M.; Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.; Vespers every alternate Sunday at 8 P. M. REV. FATHER JULY, Pastor.

Methodist Church.

Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., Song Service at 7:30 P. M. and regular service 8:00 P. M. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m., after morning service. REV. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor

German Lutheran Church.

SEQVICES twice a month, Also Sunday school. REV. J. DEJUNG, Pastor

Baptist Church Calendar.

SUNDAY.

Public Service and Sermon	11:00 a. m.
Sunday School	12:00 m.
Song and Praise Service	6:45 p. m.
Public Service and Sermon	7:30 p. m.
TUESDAY,	
Young Peoples' Meeting	7:30 p. m.
THURSDAY.	
General prayer meetin	7:30 p. m.

All are invited. All are welcome.

G. A. R.

JOHN A. LOGAN POST, No. 232. Regular meeting 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month at hall in Brown's block.
RICHARD REED, Com. L. J. BILLINGS, Adjt.

I. O. O. F.

ONEIDA LODGE, No. 48. Regular meeting at hall every Monday evening.
J. Prenzlow, Sec. O F Wissler, N G

D. OF R.

LAURESTINA LODGE, No. 23, meets every first and third Wednesday of each month in the Odd Fellows' hall on Stevens Street.
B. T Plugh, Sec. Mrs. O. F. Wissler, N. G.

F. & A. M.

RHINELANDER LODGE, No. 242, meets first and third Tuesdays in every month in the postoffice block.
A. McPhail, Sec. H. C. Keith, W. M.

I. O. G. T.

Pelican Rapids Lodge, No. 241. Meets every Friday evening at hall over Palace Shoe Store. Visiting members are cordially invited.
Nellie Chafee, R. S. Chas. Woodcock, C. T.

K. OF P.

Flambeau Lodge No. 73. Holds regular meeting Friday nights in opera house block.
E. G. Squier, K. of R. S. E. B. Morley, C. C.
Uniformed Rank meets every Wednesday night.
B. Jenkinson, Rec. E. B. Morley, Capt.

S. OF V.

W. T. Miles' Camp, No. 95, Wisconsin Division S. of V., U. S. A. Meets at G. A. R. hall on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome.
C. C. Bronson, Capt.

C. K. OF W.

Catholic Knights of Wisconsin. Meeting last Sunday of each month at 4 p. m., at Good Templars' hall.
Rev. N. July, Rec. Sec. J. N. Kennan' Treas.

PROFESSIONAL.

MILLER & McCORMICK,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Collections *sharply* looked after.
Office over First National Bank.

ALBAN & BARNES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections promptly attended to.
Town and county orders bought.

A. W. SHELTON

Attorney-at-Law,

Special attention paid to homestead law and contests.
RHINELANDER, WIS.

PAUL BROWNE,

Atterney-at-Law,

RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections a Specialty.

L. J. BILLINGS,

Attorney & Counselor

RHINELANDER, WIS.

T. B. McINDOE,

Physician & Surgeon

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.
Office in Gray's block.

C. S. McINDOE, D. D. S.

Dental Parlors,

Bank of Rhinelander Builders.

J. M. DODD, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.

Office at Hospital,
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

KEITH

Physician & Surgeon

Office in Brown's Block.
RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

D. CONOVER. L. F. PORTER. H. P. PADLEY

Conover, Porter & Padley,

ARCHITECTS.

Pioneer block, Madison, Wis. Knight block, Ashland, Wis.

Merchants' State Bank.

CAPITAL, $50000.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN

General Banking Business Transacted.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Sell exchange on all European countries. Tickets to and from Europe on all steam boat lines.

FIRST NATIONAL.

Bank of Rhinelander.

Rhinelander, - - Wisconsin

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.

NORTH BOUND

No. 3—Limited	3:30 A. M.
No. 13—Accommodation	1:05 P. M.
No. 15—Accommodation arrives	3:00 P. M.
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 16—Accommodation	1:05 P. M.
No. 14—Accommodation	11 A. M.
No. 4—Limited	11:31 P. M.

W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.

Minne'lis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

The Short Line East to Gladstone, Sault Ste. Marie and all Canadian and New England points and WEST to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Western Minnesota and Dakota.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 3—Passenger	10:25 p. m. through
No. 87—Passenger	7:33 a. m local between Pennington and Cameron Junction.
No. 21—Freight	9:30 a m

TRAINS EAST.

No. 86—Passenger	7:27 p m local between Pennington and Cameron Junction
No. 4—Passenger	8:12 a m through
No. 20—Freight	7:37 p m

Close connections made at Pembine with M. & W. R'y for all Lake Superior points, and at Trout Lake with D. S. S. & A. Ry for Mackinaw and all Lower Peninsula points.

Thursday, Aug. 13, 1891.

E. B. Calkins has gone to his New York home.

O. F. Wissler is up in Michigan on business this week.

Ed. Dimick is entertaining a brother from Washington.

Baby carriages—all the styles—all prices—at Hildebrand's. *

Mrs. G. H. Clark returned from her visit to Neilsville Monday.

Geo. Whitney was down from Ashland for a brief visit last week.

Prices on photographs lower than ever at Wolcott's new gallery. *

Archie McIndoe, of Wausau, is visiting his brothers here this week.

Paul Browne has been entertaining a brother and sister from Waupaca.

Cy C. Yawkey was over from Hazelhurst Tuesday on county business.

E. C. Leonard is visiting his relatives in Waupaca county this week.

J. L. Stambaugh is down from McNaughton for a brief visit this week.

Group pictures a specialty at Wolcott's new gallery on Brown street. *

S. M. Hoyt, one of Merrill's leading lights, was here on business yesterday.

Wolcott, the photographer, is always ready to take views anywhere in the city. *

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Brennan are occupying their new residence on Oneida avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCormick have been entertaining friends from Indiana this week.

Train Master Tarbox, of the Lake Shore road, was down from Ashland yesterday.

Johnnie Sullivan came down from Minocqua for a session of the county board this week.

Archie Sievwright is out on a three weeks' cruise in the woods, for some Milwaukee parties.

Mrs. S. D. Nelson has gone to Arkansas for an extended visit with relatives. Charlie is all dressed up now.

A year from this time Rhinelander and Oneida county will be advertising its "First Annual Fair and Exposition."

Prof. J. R. Babcock, of Oshkosh, has been teaching a large sized class in vocal culture here during the past week.

Peter Eno has purchased the interest of Fred Langlois in the Central house and now runs the business alone.

James Kearney, Will Wright, Bert Mack, John Rexford and Hi Barber accompanied the ball team to Ashland Sunday.

We buy berries direct of the groyer, consequently they are always fresh.
W. L. BEERS & Co. *

Court Clerk Sturdevant has been kept busy this week with final proof claims. A number of homesteaders are proving up this month.

Tommy Flynn was up from Antigo this week. Mayor Cash Smith also talked base ball to the cranks here for a few hours Monday and Tuesday.

Wolcott's new photograph gallery on Brown street is ready for business. The public is cordially invited call to and inspect samples of the best work ever done in Rhinelander. *

George Clark and Gene Shepard returned from their trip to the Rainy river country last week. An interesting account of it can be found on the first page of this issue.

F. A. Hildebrand has the finest line of furniture ever shown in the city. Those who desire to purchase furniture of late style and at reasonable prices need not go to the city for it. *

A dozen of the Wabash Screen Door Company's men came up from Wabash Sunday morning. The factory is rapidly nearing completion and more of their workmen will arrive soon.

Miss Louisa M. Rounds, the temperance lecturer, will speak at the Congregational church this evening. She is a speaker of acknowledged force and ability and should be greeted by a good sized audience.

The Scotch concert at the Methodist church Saturday evening was a success both from an artistic and monetary standpoint. The singing was appreciated by the large audience, and it showed good training and excellent [illegible] the numbers.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

What Its Location Here Would Mean From a Pecuniary Standpoint.

The many advantages which would accrue to the town by the establishment of the new Normal School here are hardly appreciated by our people unless they are conversant with what the schools do for other places. The simple building of a $65,000 school house in the place is an item of considerable importance, but that one is small when compared with the many and lasting benefits which would become ours with the school here. About twelve professors and teachers are employed, each drawing a good salary, and nearly all with families which would be welcome acquisitions. The number of students attending a Normal school located anywhere in this section would probably be in the neighborhood of at least 200. Each one of these must hire room and board. The amount of money expended in the town by each student could not be less than three hundred dollars annually. This item alone would put into circulation sixty thousand dollars annually. That, with the amount spent by teachers and others would bring the total of money used in town directly traceable to the school, up to about fifteen hundred dollars a week. It would go to everybody—grocers, landlords, clothing stores, liveries, all classes of merchants and everybody in business would feel the effect of it. The stimulation the location of such a school would give to building would be great, and the increase in population which it would cause, would not only be apparent but lasting, as every parent in choosing a permanent home would look well to the educational advantages offered by a town before deciding. Taken all in all it would take a big factory employing considerably over one hundred men to equal this school in commercial value to the town. How much of an effort or how much of "the necessary" it will take to bring the school here can not be known until the fight is fairly on, but one thing is certain—if it is within the possibilities to secure this school, Rhinelander will have it. She is in the scramble for it from now on, and will be able to present to the Board of Regents some good solid arguments as to why Rhinelander is the most advantageous location—all things considered.

Death's Harvest.

Mrs. George Buck died at her home in this city Tuesday, August 11, after a brief illness. A husband and little child are left to mourn her loss. The remains were taken to Berlin, her former home, for interment Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heatherington lost their little child this week.

Card of Thanks.

The death of our baby has brought forth from our friends and neighbors most kindly aid and sympathy. To such we wish hereby to extend our heartfelt thanks with our earnest prayers that they may be long secured against suffering a like affliction.

MR. AND MRS. F. HEATHERINGTON.

For dry wood, enquire of E. L. Dimick. *

Dr. C. S. McIndoe is attending to his dentistry business at Eagle River this week.

E. L. Dimick has dry wood, long or short, for sale. Delivered to any part of the city. *

A. Simansky will occupy the store on Brown street now occupied by Irvin Gray, as soon as the latter's new store is completed.

Remember that Reed's is the only place able to furnish you genuine Millard blackberries by the case. Leave your order now. *

North Crandon is to have a new factory. What it is, or whose it is, is not published. Simply the fact that one is to be built there is made public.

Buy berries by the case of W. L. Beers & Co., they weigh from 5 to 10 pounds more per case than berries bought elsewhere. *

Frank McIntyre, John Tooley, Lyman J. Cook, Wm. McGrath and Mike Holland, of Eagle River, were down to the county seat on business yesterday.

B. F. Dorr, the Antigo surveyor, was in town last week looking over the proposed site for the Oneida County Agricultural Society's fair grounds. His ideas were that it would cost considerable money to put it in shape.

Ned Ryan, who held the position of stenographer with Alban & Barnes some time last year, was drowned in the Wisconsin river at Wausau last week. He was in bathing with a number of young men, and ventured into too deep water.

Citizens of Centralia, in conjunction with Oberbeck Bros., of Chicago, have organized a stock company to establish a furniture factory, with $40,000 capital one-half the stock to be taken by Oberbeck Bros., and one-half by three of Centralia's leading business men. The city donates a five acre tract of land for a site and a cash bonus of $4,500.

E. G. Squier visited friends at Winneconne and Omro over Sunday. He was on the Lake Shore limited which was wrecked at Buckbee, but with all the other passengers, escaped uninjured. The train ran through an open switch and crashed into a box car, derailing the engine and baggage car. The escape of all passengers and train men without injury is considered marvelous.

THE SOO. DIVISION.

Probability That Pennington Is Soon To Be Abandoned As The Division Point.

R. B. Langdon, vice-president of the Soo Line, through their attorney, A. W. Shelton, of this city, has filed papers with the circuit court clerk to vacate all the plat of the village of Pennington excepting two blocks. The inference to be gained from such a move would certainly be that the Soo Company have no idea of keeping their division point at Pennington.

One serious obstacle to having it there is the failure to get good water in sufficient quantities. There is but one locality on their line from Minneapolis to Gladstone where this problem would be thoroughly and permanently solved. That location is Rhinelander. The Water Co. can not only furnish all that is wanted at all times, but the cost is also away below what it cost a railroad company to run their own pumps. There has been no intimation from any "Soo" officials that the division was to be changed soon, but it is very evident that they do not propose keeping it at Pennington much longer. Rhinelander will reach for it when the time comes, and will not only give the Soo Line plenty of ground and the best of location on the line, but the town will also show to them that it is a town peculiarly jealous of its interests, and that a railroad company's bringing thousands of dollars here every month is appreciated.

AN ENCLOSED PARK.

The Base Ball Grounds are Enclosed in an 8 foot Fence. The Three Games Last Week.

The base ball club will hereafter play to only those who put up the necessary wherewith to show cause why they ought to witness the game. Heretofore the club has been playing to all the way from 400 to 2000 people, and the collections have been away below enough to pay expenses. While it takes money to keep a ball team in the field, and the home club was composed of business men who could hardly afford to put up more than their time at it, it was decided that unless something was done to insure support for the balance of the season the O. F. W's would disband. Yesterday morning a committee consisting of John Reardon, W. L. Beers, Judge McCormick and Chas. Wilson started out to do something. Inside of two hours they had lumber enough to fence the ground. It was donated by the various lumber firms of the city. C. Eby furnished the cedar posts, and with L. J. Beck in charge of the work the fence and seats will be done by Saturday. A guarantee of two hundred dollars to see the club through the season, in case it comes out short, was raised last evening. The club is now in good shape and some excellent games will be played.

ASHLAND DEFEATED.

The O. F. W's went to Ashland Sunday and took the conceit out of the professional team there by a score of 6 to 2. Clausen, formerly of the Ironwoods, pitched for us and made the Ashlands look foolish trying to bat. The two little runs they got were direct gifts of an Ashland umpire. The game was well played and the trip a pleasant one all around. Donahue caught Clausen in fine style, and as usual threw to bases neatly. A return game will be played here soon.

IRONWOOD'S VICTORIES.

The Ironwood term took two games from the O. F. Ws. last Thursday and Friday. The home club was defeated simply because they couldn't bat Clausen at all. He shut out the team the first day, and in the second, after McGinnes, the pride of the Range, had been touched up for three singles and a three bagger, Clausen again went into the box with the same old effectiveness. The Ironwood aggregation were a strong team, and while no one expected the O. F. Ws. to win, all were satisfied with the game. Donohue caught both Bishop and Jacobson well, and the playing all around on the home club's part was excellent.

EAGLE RIVER SATURDAY.

The new park, which is kindly donated by James Keenan, will be formally opened on Saturday, Aug. 15, when the Eagle River team will try conclusions with the O. F. Ws. The game will certainly be good. The Eagles have defeated the home club once this year and are conceited enough to wager $100 that they can do it again here Saturday. Baldwin will pitch for Eagle River. Game will not be called until four o'clock as the visitors do not get here until three. Admission, 25 cents.

Games with Wausau will soon be arranged for here. Sheboygan and Manitowoc will also play here soon.

Eagle River is again agitated over an excursion. Last Saturday they went to Watersmeet where their ball team played and while they didn't get lost or get defeated, they got it in the neck just the same. They all say that Doc. Neville can run an excursion on the steel rail much better than on land, and that he knows just exactly what he is doing all the time.

The Minocqua Times is pretty sore yet over the drubbing their ball club got here some time ago. Whenever the O. F. W's lose the editor loosens up and writes one of his peculiarly sarcastic sketches, for which he is famous—in Minocqua.

Wanted.

Men to peel Bark at Camp 5, one mile west of Brantwood, on Soo rail road. Wages $30,00 and board. *
PRENTICE TANNING CO.,

VOX POPULI HEARD FROM.

A Northsider Objects to Having Beer and Polanders Mixed on the 1st Day of the Week.

EDITOR NEW NORTH:—If you will give me a little space in your paper I wish to make a few remarks in regard to the police protection of the North Side. There is no place in Rhinelander where we need a policeman as badly as we do on Mason street from 9 o'clock Saturday night until 6 o'clock Monday morning, for this reason: Beer is delivered by the wholesale to different houses along the above named street, where the Polanders and Swedes collect and make Sunday a day of misery for all respectable citizens who live in the neighborhood. Last Sunday one of these boarding houses was a disgrace to any civilized community, and the tax paying people of this part of the city are correct in thinking that they have as much right to police protection as their neighbors on Davenport street or Oneida avenue. Now if this article should avail naught, and we see no plan of ridding the city of this nuisance that is practicable, the people will have to take the necessary steps to protect themselves, and if they do have to take the law in their own hands I am afraid there will be Swedes and Poles praying for admission at that golden gate where they will be entire strangers.

A NORTHSIDER

School Board Proceedings.

RHINELANDER, Aug. 11, 1891.

Board met pursuant to call of the secretary.

Members present, Browne, Carr and Dimick. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Bids for building two school houses in sub-district, No. 2, were opened as follows:

L. Lago for building one of same	$250
E. Cuerrin " " " "	250
G. W. Beers " " " "	245

On motion the bids of L. Lago and E. Cuerrin were accepted and secretary was instructed to make contract with them for the building.

Bids for painting the North Side building were opened as follows:

Geo. C. Jewell, building and roof,	$210
N. T. Baldwin, " " "	230

On motion the bid of Geo. C. Jewell was accepted, and secretary was instructed to make contract with him for the job.

The bid of J. J. Reardon & Co. for kalsomining and repairing of the high school building was accepted at $110, and the secretary instructed to make contract with him for the work.

On motion, Clerk Dimick was instructed to build a temporary fence around the North Side school grounds, and the secretary was instructed to replace the partition in the South Side building and purchase seats for the two rooms on the lower floor.

Janitors were elected for the three school buildings as follows, and salary fixed at $35 each per month:

High school building,	Geo. C. Pingrey.
South Side "	Henry Hagen.
North " "	Matt Reed.

The secretary presented a synopsis of his annual report, made to the County Superintendent, July 28, 1891, which was ordered to be spread upon the minutes of proceedings of the board.

Secretary's annual report:

No. of children between 4 and 20 in town,	678
" " " 7 and 13 in town.	466
" " last named who attended school 12 weeks	418
" between 4 and 20 who have attended public school	518
Whole number of days attendance	63,891¼
Number of schools maintained	17
Number of teachers employed	18
Average wages of teachers per month	$46.08
No. of school houses in good condition	7
" " " built during year	2
Value of school houses and sites	$26,750
" " apparatus, etc	885
No. of pupils school houses will accomo'e	725

FINANCIAL.

Money on hand at last report		$ 2187.12
Received from town school levy		15970.00
" " State school fund		610.61
" " all other sources		8975.10
Total receipts		$22667.83

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for build'g and repair'g	$6100.00	
" " apparatus, etc	863.50	
" " male teachers	1220.00	
" " female "	4227.50	
" " old indebtedness	3156.50	
" " school furniture	701.27	
" " all other purposes	1500.47	
Balance on hand	1618.17	$22667.83

On motion board adjourned to meet upon call of the secretary.

SAM S. MILLER, Sec.

Taken up.

One brown mare about 8 years old, weight 1200 lbs. Came into our enclosure August 5. Owner can have same by paying charges.

LANGLEY & ALDERSON,
Camps, Sanders, Wis.

Fresh Creamery Butter.

The Waupaca Creamery Company, of Waupaca, Wisconsin, will furnish fancy separate Creamery Butter on yearly contracts at twenty-five cents per pound. Write them. 6w

For Sale.

All or a part of 160 acres of fine wood land 2½ miles from Rhinelander. Several acres cleared, a good two story frame house and well. Has 150 thousand of pine, lots of pulp wood, but the most is hard wood. Enquire at Jewell & Bastian's for particulars.

At a Bargain.

I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12 Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 6, First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1, Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot in Block 9, on Thayer St, or will sell my two houses and lots on Stevens street.

L. HORR.

ONEIDA COUNTY, } ss. Town of Pelican. } In Municipal Court.

To CHARLES KEEF.—

You are hereby notified that a warrant of attachment has been issued against you, and your property attached to satisfy the demand of M. Langdon amounting to $130.73. Now unless you shall appear before Paul Brown, Esq., Municipal Judge, in and for said county, at his office in said town on the 29th day of August, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgement will be rendered against you, and your property sold to pay the debt.

Dated this 8th day of August, 1891.
M. LANGDON, Plaintiff.

JOHNSON & CO.

The Leadir

——Have the F

SPRING GOOI

Ever Shown in Rhinelander. Their sto- from the Low Priced Ha

FINEST

——In the Market. All

MEN'S FUR

Call and see them.

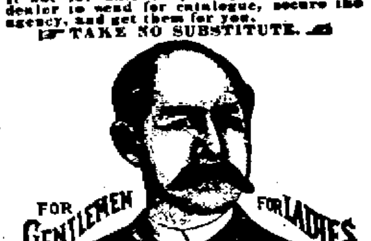
The Giant Sle

——Manufact

Wagons and Sleighs.

that Cleans Most is Lenox.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



WHY IS THE
W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best

General Blacksmithing

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

We Also Have an Expert Horseshoer.

Do You want Correct Time?

Get a Standard Watch

AND YOU HAVE IT.

D. JENKINSON

——Has on Hand a Fine——

New Line of Jewelery

AND WATCHES

A good Display and Everything Bran New. Our prices are also new to this section and we are confident of pleasing you. A call is solicited.

BROWN STREET - RHINELANDER, WIS.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Rooml

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooning, etc., done in first-class order, as none but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

DAVENPORT STREET, - - - RHINELANDER, WIS

GO TO——

BRADY'S NORTH SIDE STORE

FOR BARGAINS IN

Dry Goods, - -

Groceries, Boots, Shoes

And Genera Merchandise.

RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

BROWN & ROBBINS,

Manufacturers and Wholesalers of

LUMBER.

Lath and Shingles,

RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

NEW NORTH.

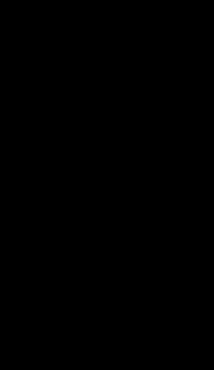
RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

CAPTURED BY INDIANS.

An Adventure Among the Savage Comanches.

[Written for This Paper.]



WHILE teaching in an Indian school at Fort Gibson, I. T., in 1882, I formed the acquaintance of a young white hunter. He was a noble, truthful young fellow, and I found much enjoyment in his company. Often, when I was lamenting my isolation from home and friends, he would try to woo me from lonely thoughts by relating some of his personal adventures. The following is given in his own words:

"Three autumns ago I was one of a gay party of hunters, within the borders of that wild region over which the savage Comanches roamed and engaged in warfare with their dusky antagonists.

"While we were stopping for a few days at the government post north of our hunting grounds, there had been a few scattering rumors that the Comanches were preparing to take the warpath against the whites. But as the officers placed no confidence in the reports, having been fooled so often by persons who liked to stir up excitement, we, also, paid no attention to them.

"It was the second day after we had left the fort. I had become separated from my fellow-hunters. Catching sight of an antelope on a distant hill, and believing a herd to be near by, I had ridden rapidly toward it.

"I pursued the antelope some distance down the hillside and across a valley. At last it entered a heavy timber, and I concluded that it would be useless for me to keep up the chase any longer. So resolving, I turned my horse's head back toward our distant camp, when, to my utter surprise, about a dozen wild Indians suddenly darted from out the forest, and ere I could offer the slightest resistance they had me entirely surrounded. I knew they were Comanche braves, and realized immediately how utterly useless it would be for me to attempt escape.

"With wild whoops of triumph they closed in on me. They were strong, athletic fellows. All were nearly nude, and carried various barbaric weapons. They were not long in disarming me, and, in their uncouth jargon, I was given to understand that I would be forced to accompany them as a captive to their camp or village.

"I had ridden off unseen by my comrades, and was then too far from them to hope for rescue. So I was hurried

"THEY RAN ME ENTIRELY SURROUNDED."

away by my savage captors, farther and farther from our own little camp.

"All that hazy afternoon I was urged along through woods and across prairies. Long before we came in sight of the Comanche village, which was located in a wood fringing a small river, the wind bore to my ears the wild, unearthly sounds of tomtoms and savage yells, which were dreadful enough to curdle one's blood. These sounds served to hurry my captors, and the ponies, now tired from their forced run, were urged into a keen lope. As we neared the village the din became more fearfully appalling, and my heart seemed to refuse to do its regular duty. Indeed, it was my belief that the minutes of my scalp were numbered, and in the unit's column at that.

"On the side of the village which we entered and on an open space in the timber a great fire blazed. Hard by I could see that a stout post had been driven into the ground. Around both fire and post a hideously-painted horde of Comanche warriors, howling like so many demoniacal spirits escaped from regions infernal, was engaged in a wild dance. The shadows of twilight had already fallen, but the ruddy glow of the great fire brought out vividly the barbaric ornaments and uncouth streaks of paint that had been donned in honor of their war dance.

"As they howled and gyrated wildly each brave would go through the ceremony of striking his gleaming tomahawk into the post. The energy of the performance illustrated the manner in which each Comanche warrior, ready for the war path, would sink his tomahawk into the skull of the unfortunate white.

"As we approached my captors had announced our presence by a series of prolonged yells. Almost immediately the dancing warriors broke circle and surrounded us. One of the Indians who had accompanied us, and who seemed to be a man of no little importance among his red brothers, briefly related my capture, as I could easily tell from the gestures made in my direction, though the words were all Greek to me.

"Leering in my face, two stalwart Comanches dragged me from my saddle. Fierce hands pushed me against the post near the fire, which scorched my face and almost smothered me, and the circle of hideous dancers closed around me.

"My advent was the signal for every dog, squaw and child in the camp to hasten to the scene of excitement and add to the general uproar, and assist in the duty of heaping insults upon the white captive.

"I noticed that the number of Indians was something immense, and concluded that they had been joined by warriors from some other tribe. I rightly conjectured that they were celebrating their union with a mighty war dance, preparatory to a general uprising against the whites.

"The dance was renewed with vigor, the entire population of the camp, as it appeared to me, joining in the mad scene. They jumped and whooped about me, gesticulating and brandishing their tomahawks and spears, deriving intense enjoyment from terrifying me without injuring me bodily.

"The chief finally terminated the dance by ordering a special council to decide the question whether it would not be as well to turn their war dance into a scalp dance, and begin their war against their enemies by scalping me and finishing my tortures at the stake. I understood this from the chief himself, who addressed the revelers in broken English.

"A brawny Comanche brave led me to the chief's wigwam, where I was to be guarded until my fate was decided at the grand council.

"As the red warriors rushed away toward the place of council, I was pushed into the chief's lodge, where I sank hopeless and utterly exhausted upon a pallet of skins in one corner of the tepee. My guard, with a grunt of disapproval at being obliged to stay away from the council, stationed himself on a large rock at the door of the tepee, from which he could catch the sound of the orators' voices at the council, while he smoked in characteristic stolid moroseness. He had not neglected the precaution to equip himself with both spear and tomahawk, and he presented on the whole the appearance of a very formidable guard.

"Night wore on, and I could hear, ever and anon, voices in oratorical pitch, which I knew came from the council where I was the subject under august consideration. It took them a long while to come to a verdict with regard to my disposal, and I continued to hear them murmur, as if in hot dispute over the method of my doom.

"Nearly two hours must have dragged by since I had been brought to the chief's tepee. Suspense was gnawing deeply within me. I can never give anyone the faintest idea of the misery which I suffered there in waiting to learn my doom. I tried earnestly to woo an indifferent mood, to think of friends far away; but every effort to do so only served to unnerve me more.

"The chief's wigwam was a large two-roomed tepee. Suddenly a slight stir in the opposite room attracted my attention. In another moment my eyes caught the dull gleam of a knife blade parting the bark of the tepee's partition close to where my head reclined on the skins.

"What did it mean? Instantly I was all alert. Did I have a secret foe in that village, who intended to put me out of the way before the Comanches could butcher me by inches? I could easily have alarmed my guard, who kept his old position before the door; but what proof had I that he was not in league with my secret assassin?

"I lay perfectly quiet, watching anxiously the small opening made in the bark partition near my head. Was it an enemy?

"Presently the knife blade was withdrawn, and through the opening came a low, cautious whisper which thrilled me through and through.

"'White man! listen! quick!' There was no secret enmity in that voice. Instantly I shifted my head until my ear just rested against the slit in the bark of the tepee.

"'White man remember Bioka?' said the voice close to my ear.

"Instantly I recognized both voice and owner. Bioka was an intelligent Kiowa boy of sixteen whom I had seen at the fort with some traders of his own tribe. I had made the boy some trifling present, and while the traders had remained at the fort Bioka was much of his time at our camp. In that way I had become well acquainted with the young Kiowa.

"But how came Bioka at that village? I had been told that the Kiowas and Comanches were inveterate enemies and were constantly warring against each other. However, Bioka soon accounted for this.

"'Bioka has been to the council of the Comanches. He has heard,' whispered the boy. 'Listen! The Kiowas have come to the village of the Comanches. Their hate is buried, and together they will war against the whites. Bioka was forced to come, though he cannot love the bad Comanches, who killed his father.'

"The whispers were so gentle that they did not disturb my sullen, sphinx-like guard, smoking away before the tepee and listening to the din still kept up at the council.

"Almost breathlessly I listened to Bioka as he whispered to me the verdict of the council. Owing to the chief's eloquence I was not to be burned at the stake; but as I was firmly suspected of being a government scout, who, if I escaped, would carry word to the fort of the combined secret preparations of the Comanches and Kiowas for war, I was to be given a novel kind of slaughter.

"When the moon came up and furnished sufficient light, I might expect to be called forth from the chief's tepee. Owing to an old tribal superstition among the Comanches, they will not begin war or endanger themselves in the deep darkness of night. If a warrior is so unfortunate as to lose his life in the dark of night, it is believed that he must forever grope in darkness.

"Therefore, the Comanches would take no risks, until the moonlight relieved the darkness. Then I was to be placed on my own pony, and be made to swim the river below the village. The Indians would permit me to gain the opposite bank and revel in the belief that I was free, but just as I would strike the underbrush over the stream, the Comanche and Kiowa braves, who were to be waiting ready mounted back in the woods, would swim the river and dash after me in rival chase. Thus they had arranged for an exciting fox chase with me in the unpleasant capacity of Reynard. Comanche or Kiowa, whichever was able to catch me first, would add mighty laurels to his prowess as a warrior. So there was no little rivalry among my dusky hunters.

"All this I understood from the brief account which Bioka poured into my ear. During the excitement which prevailed at the council, the Kiowa boy had encountered small difficulty in entering the chief's tepee unseen.

"Bioka was not one to desert a friend in need, and before he left me he unfolded a scheme or ruse by which I

"BIOKA WAS KEEPING HIS PROMISE."

might hope to elude my savage pursuers. But I must promise to obey his instructions to the very letter if I would escape. Of course I was only too glad to promise strict compliance with Bioka's directions.

"When the moon neared the zenith, relieving the dense shadows which ruled the forest, the stir and bustle in the Indian camp informed me that the time to begin the chase had arrived. The chief himself entered the lodge where I lay, and led me outside to a place where my horse stood bridled and saddled.

"The chief conducted me as I led my horse down to the edge of the river. The rival warriors, ready mounted waited like crouching panthers behind the trees.

"He made a great feint of friendly intentions toward me, and when we reached the bank of the stream motioned for me to mount. I quickly obeyed. As I grasped the reins he handed me my rifle and revolvers, and gave me leave to depart.

"Would my little ruse be successful? The fear that it might prove abortive caused my heart to beat so loudly that I was certain the old chief must hear it. However, I urged the horse forward, and fresh courage came to my aid.

"The river, though narrow, was deep, and the current swift, but my pony was a good swimmer, and I plunged in boldly. We were not long in reaching safely the dense underbrush which lined the opposite bank. The Indians had made no motion to detain me, but as my pony with me disappeared within the brush, there came a chorus of yells from the other side, while several shots peppered the trees around me.

"Now was my time to try my little ruse. Leaping quickly from my pony's back, I gave him a keen whack with the barrel of a revolver that sent him off through the forest on a mad gallop. Disencumbered of my weight, I knew the red rogues would not be able to overtake him.

"My next act was to slip myself immediately into a niche in the side of the bluff, where Bioka had advised me to hide. Here I crouched, fearing to breathe, while the yelling rivals swam the river and dashed onward after the fleeing but riderless pony. It was evident they suspected no such trick being played them, for they swept swiftly past my secure hiding-place, each endeavoring to outride the others.

"After the warriors were well away from the river, I crept carefully from out the niche in the bluff, and as speedily as I could made my way to a large clump of willows up the river. The moonbeams filtered silverly through the wind-swayed branches, revealing a canoe with a human form sitting motionlessly therein. My heart gave a great bound of joy. I knew that Bioka was keeping his promise.

"I was soon seated in the canoe, and my faithful Kiowa friend rowed off up the stream. Occasionally we caught the receding yells of the outwitted warriors, who still kept up their wild chase.

"Bioka rowed us in safety to a point where we were only a short distance from the fort. Abandoning the canoe we set out on foot for the fort, which the moonlight rendered distinct on the rolling prairie.

"We reached the post, where my friends and I had been so well entertained during our ten days' sojourn there, and from which we had but so recently departed on our hunting tour. Bioka and I told our story to the commanding officer, and had the satisfaction of knowing that our timely warning had saved a great outbreak. The Comanches and Kiowas for once had buried their old tribal enmities and had perfected secret preparations for a combined attack on their common foes, the whites. Thus, unintentionally, I played the part of government scout, after all.

"My friends and I never afterward hunted near the Comanches' ranges. Bioka did not go back to the Kiowas. He was adopted by the commandant of the post who sent him to the Haskell institute."

ED. H. GIBSON.

—Defects of English.—"S'lam'n' stew," announced the table girl. "I have been doing that for the last half hour," answered the irate customer "bring me something to eat."

PRIMITIVE TANNING.

How Leather is Manufactured in Various Countries.

A leather manufacturer, who has been on his travels, has sent to a trade journal some interesting notes on the methods of tanning adopted in various countries. While walking out one day in Antigua, he came upon a hut about eleven feet square, thatched with sugar cane, and on entering he found himself in a very unique and primitive tannery. A big, brawny colored woman was hard at work taking the hair off skins. Her method was of the simplest. The skins had been put in lime for about a week, and were being unhaired by means of a board, after which they were steeped in various tan liquors in a series of tubs, and the product was ready for market. The leather was crude, but serviceable, and sold readily in the island. John Chinaman was found to have a rude and primitive process. After steeping in a solution of lime the hides are cleansed and leaned, then tanned with extract of gall. The hides are afterward passed backward and forward through the smoke of straw, which issues from a circular furnace built underground, and gives the leather a yellow-brown color. The process is then complete. Sometimes the leather is blackened with a solution of galls and copperas, or simply with lampblack. India has forty-eight large tanneries. Hides are tanned there by softening in water for a few days, after which the hair is scraped off. The hide is then treated with quick-lime, and after remaining in this condition for two or four days is placed in the fan, which is made from the bark of the babul, or any other tree yielding a good tanning solution. There it remains for a fortnight or three weeks, after which it is removed, and when soaked in clean water for a short time and dried is ready for use. When intended for the manufacture of shoes, the leather is usually steeped in a solution of red dye for a day or two before being worked. From the undyed leather buckets for wells and bhisties or water bags for the water carriers are made. Some leather water skins of a superior description, called chagals, are also made, which are used by travelers to carry drinking water. Besides the manufacture of different and characteristic forms of shoes used in various provinces, European boot-making has also been learned in the bazars of the larger towns. In some of these hides of animals are beautifully tanned with the hair intact, and a fine, soft skin of greenish buff color is made into trousers, coats, leggins and gloves, the skin used being that of the deer.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHY HE WAS FEELING BLUE.

He Was the Life of the Party the Night Before, but Something Went Wrong.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years, and there wasn't anyone to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you staid out until four o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully and sigh and make you feel mean."

"Yes, and I staid out until four o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave an Indian whurwoop on the doorstep?"

"Yes, and you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a clog."

"And my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the conductor that she went with the train."—Chicago Tribune.

As It Is in Life.

When Dr. Moberley, afterward head master of Winchester and bishop of Salisbury, was tutor at Balliol college, Oxford, he received a letter from some friends in Scotland, recommending to him a Mr. Tait, who was then about to become his pupil. Moberley resolved to ask the young Scotchman to breakfast and introduce him to the steadiest and most promising man in college. When they arrived he performed the simple ceremony of saying: "Mr. Tait, Mr. Manning." They were the future archbishop of Canterbury and cardinal of Westminster. Archbishop Tait, who was thus Dr. Moberley's pupil at Balliol, had the curious experience of consecrating his old master bishop of Salisbury. As they walked down together to the Jerusalem chamber the archbishop alluded to his remarkable reversal of position; and fifteen years afterward, in Salisbury cathedral, Dr. Moberley touched on the same subject in preaching the funeral sermon of his old pupil and archbishop.—London Tid-Bits.

Incense in Drawing-Rooms.

If on entering a fashionable drawing-room a faint, spicy, fragrant odor is perceived look around for some odd-swinging vessel, and know that it is an incense burner and the perfumed air is charged from its depths. Most of the incense used in drawing rooms is the Chinese sort, which comes in sticks. Some housekeepers, however, affect the Algerian, the real, churchy sort, and one almost looks, on catching its altar flavor, for robed acolytes and chanting priests. The Chinese undoubtedly is to be preferred for pure worldly use, as its aroma is not so distinctively religious. Any incense burning in private houses, simply for effect, must be set down as a caprice in questionable taste.—N. Y. Times.

Question of Ownership.

On a slave plantation in Cuba the rain was falling in torrents. A negro who was walking along the road carefully stowed his hat under his clothes and continued his journey bareheaded.

"Why, Pomphy," said a white man, "your head will get quite wet!"

"Hee, hee, hee," laughed the negro, "head massa's; hat my own!"—Le Papillon.

It is True.

First Boarder—Here I've waited an hour for soup, and now that it has come there's a roach in it.

Second Boarder—That proves the truth of an old maxim.

First Boarder—In what way?

Second Boarder—That all things come to him who waits.—Detroit Free Press.

A FINISHED PRAYER.

The Pathetic Ending of a Sick Child's Life.

The sick room was very still; the night-lamp burned low, and the watchers made fantastic shadows on the wall, but no one moved or spoke. The doctor said this was the turning point of the disease, and there was nothing to do but to wait—wait.

The boy slept, and the father kept his eyes fixed upon the thin, wasted features, and watched for what he hoped would prove a new lease of life. The mother had gone to lie down and rest. The nurse sat near and dozed. At last the sick boy opened his large, bright eyes and said in a clear voice:

"Papa."

"What, dear boy?" answered the father, softly.

"Is it near morning?"

"Yes, dear boy."

"And will I be well in the morning?"

"I hope so," sobbed the poor father, faintly.

There was a long silence, then the sick child moved restlessly on his pillows.

"I want to say my prayers," he murmured.

The father beckoned to the nurse and she brought the mother, who stole softly in and knelt on the other side of the bed.

"Lift me up," said the dying child, in a full, clear voice; "hold me, papa, while I say my prayers."

He clasped his little hands together and repeated like one who was dreaming:

"Our—Father—which art in Heaven—hallowed—be—Thy—name—Thy kingdom—come—Thy kingdom—come—"

"Papa, I can't remember! I can't remember!"

"No matter, dear boy, you can finish it in the morning."

Again he lay among the pillows like a pale lily and his eyes were open wide.

"I can't see you, papa," he murmured. "Will it soon be morning?"

"Yes, dear boy."

"And will I be well then?"

The poor father could not answer. No one spoke, and a faint light soon stole into the room that drowned the flickering rays of the night lamp and shone rosy on the wall. Then suddenly a little voice filled the room. It was so sweet and clear that it sounded like a strain of music from celestial spheres. It was the dying boy finishing his prayer! When he came to the last clause, he seemed groping in doubt.

"Forever and—ever—forever and ever—" and with the words on his lips he drifted off to sleep again.

The rising sun shone into the room and lighted up its dim obscurity. It lay in golden bars on the white pillows, and touched the little face with a mocking glow of health and strength. Perhaps it wakened him, but in the valley of the shadow of death he could not discern, and with wide-open eyes that saw not, he murmured plaintively:

"Is it nearly morning, papa?"

"It is morning now, dear boy."

A smile trembled on the closed lips—there was a flutter of breath that came and went as the child clasped his thin hands together:

"For-ever and-ever—Amen!"—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

The Ludicrous Mistake of a Novice in the Sport.

A Russian officer at one of the military stations in the Caucasus, hearing of the presence in his neighborhood of two gentlemen in pursuit of boar, sent to them an invitation to join him on the following day, when he would give them a taste of real sport. With many thanks they accepted the kindness, and at the appointed time set off.

During the day many shots were fired at one thing and another, though at least one of the party had seen no boar. As the afternoon wore on and the daylight began to disappear, one of the Russian's guests, who had wandered away from his friends, found himself rather fagged, and felt that it was time to stop.

Just then he heard the dogs baying something not far from him, and after creeping up to within about thirty yards of them he crouched behind the bole of a huge oak and waited for his eyes to get used to the darkness. He was soon able to make out the dogs' tails waving to and fro, and then, under a leaning tree-stump, the indistinct outline of their enemy. Meantime the boar kept up a half-grunting, half-growling noise, while the dogs barked their loudest.

"Suddenly," says the gentleman, "the mass moved, and a dog went flying belly uppermost, and his yells were added to the discord. But this movement of the boar's was fatal to him; it brought him into a more open position, and I rolled him over with my 'express.' He rose and tried to charge, but though I fired again, I believe it was unnecessary, as he was too hard hit ever to have reached me.

"This was the first really large game I had killed, and I rushed up to him with the delight of a boy. I had never seen a wild boar before this morning, and now, as I contemplated my fallen foe, a strange uneasiness beset me. There was something so homely in the innocent face of that dead pig that my heart for a moment misgave me; but I banished my foolish qualms, the reaction after my triumph, probably, and as I heard the tootle of my friend's horn approach, I sat down on the broad side of my game, and indulged in a victorious whoo-oop.

"The bushes parted asunder, and my host burst into a cheer and loaded me with praise. But, alas! What is this? As my friend approaches nearer, slowly the gay smile fades; the applauding voice is still; the horn drops from his nerveless grasp, and the merry little visage lengthens out in a telescopic fashion truly uncomfortable.

"'Moe donnaschne haban!' Those were his fatal words. 'My own house-pig!'

"The blow was too painful and sudden. My pride fell, and gradually the fact was borne in on my already half awakened mind that wild boars are black, but this beast was white. The fact was, this wretched animal had broken out of his sty some time before, and gone to the forest to take his fill of chestnuts and other pleasant things, and at the time of being shot had been battling with one of his black-skinned brethren."—Youth's Companion.

Preparing for It.

"They tell me you are laying by just lots of money, Longlocks. What are you preparing for?"

"Well, to tell the truth, old fellow, I've decided on being a poet."—Detroit Free Press.

Almost Bursting with Talent.

Great Architect—Good morning, Mr. Suburb. Think of building another house?

Mr. Suburb—No; I called to inquire if you wouldn't take my son as a student in your office. With the right training he'll be a fine architect some day.

"Has he shown any marked talent for architecture?"

"Talent? He's overflowing with architectural talent. I wish you could see the hencoop he put up for me last week."

"Humph! What is there remarkable about it?"

"He designed it for a $10 hencoop and it's cost $150."—Good News.

What They Gave Him.

"Well, didn't they give you a chance for defense?" asked the judge, when Uncle Jeff was explaining how he had been once wrongfully accused, tarred and feathered and driven out of a neighboring state.

Uncle Jeff (with painful recollection)—Chance fo' de fence? No, sah. Dey cotch me in de back yard 'fore I got to de fence, and what dey gib me was er solitary rail wid an aidge onter it laik de ridge bone ob a razor-back hog.—Texas Siftings.

Clear Case.

Proprietor of Store (sternly to woman caught shoplifting)—Madam, unless you have friends to go security for you it will be my duty to—

Woman—Friends, is it? I'll have ye understand, sir, me husband owns half a dozen big brick buildin's and—

Proprietor (to the policeman)—What are you hanging round here for? Don't you know a case of kleptomania when you see it?—Chicago Tribune.

Saw the New Bonnet.

Mrs. Billson—So you met Mrs. de Fashion on the street? I'm so glad. They say she is wearing a new bonnet just imported. Did you see it?

Mr B.—Y-e-s, I noticed it.

Mrs. B.—That's splendid. How was it trimmed?

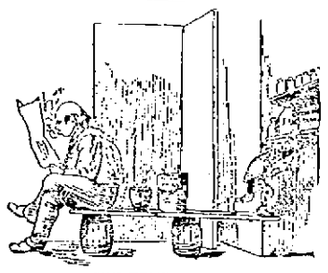
Mr. B.—Well, it had a cowcatcher in front, a tailboard behind, a flower garden on top, and a job-lot of assorted ribbons all round. You can easily make one like it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Economy.

Cousin Jack (of New York)—I understand, cousin, you intend moving to New York; is there any truth in it?

Cousin Maud (of Chicago)—Well, you see, nearly all our relatives live in New York and mean to come to the world's fair, and papa thought it would be much better to live in New York and *visit* Chicago during the fair year.—Judge.

TEMPTATION AND FALL.



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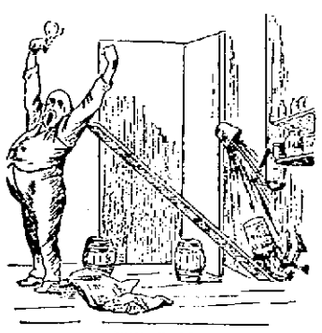


THE FALL.

—Golden Days.

The Lesson of Niagara.

He (bridegroom at Niagara)—Wonderful! How awe-inspiring! No wonder bridal couples want to see Niagara falls.

She (bride)—Yes, they illustrate the awful drop from courtship to marriage—why don't you give me your arm?—Munsey's Weekly.

Appearances Are Deceitful.

Mr. Newman Hatton (to visitor from out of town)—Yonder goes one of our richest men—he's a millionaire ten times over.

Mr. Si Low—Shol Never would have thought it from the cut of his clothes. He looks like a dude.—Puck.

Catseyes.

Her Sister's Steady (playing the agreeable)—I am told that your cat has added her quota to the feline race, Mabel. How is it?

Little Mabel—No; she hasn't, either; but she's got kittens. She hasn't put eyes in them yet, but she will just as soon as she gets well.—Puck.

Helped Over the Hard Place.

"Soggins is engaged to Maude Pottleton. I am glad of it, too, because I think she is the kind of a girl to help a man along."

"She is indeed. They say he never would have proposed if she hadn't helped him over the hard part of it."—Harper's Bazar.

Wanted to Give Him Dyspepsia.

"Polly, I don't think this apple dumpling is quite done, is it?"

"No, John, dear," sighed the little wife. "But I cooked it that way on purpose. You've been going out so much of late that I thought that might keep you in."—Munsey's Weekly.

The Retort Courteous.

Fair Patient—But, doctor, I suffer so much with my eyes.

Doctor (who is becoming testy at this, his fifteenth call)—You'd suffer much more without them, madam.—Harvard Lampoon.

Misunderstood.

William the Wanderer (at the kitchen window, sniffing the delicious odor of the cooking dinner)—Beauteous maid, I smell—

The Cook—I know ye do; an' if yer don't go away from here I'll put th' Boord av Hilth on yer.—Jury.

Sarcasm.

Mrs. Scrimp (to man with pack)—G'lang, there! We don't want no peddlers 'round here.

Coheu—I haf some English grammars mit me, ma'am. Mebbe you could use vun of dhose.—Judge.

No Bread.

Antoinette de Bourbon, the mother of the Guises, had, in addition to her other fine qualities, great good sense. One example of the discipline to which she subjected the young Guises indicates that had there been more mothers like her in her class there would have been less of ruthless extravagance on the part of the royalty and nobility of France.

The young nobles were out hunting, and rode through fields which had been sown with corn. The duchess heard of it. That evening, according to the tradition preserved at Joinville, there was no bread on the supper table.

The princes at once asked for bread, astonished at such negligence in this well-ordered household.

"My children," replied Antoinette, "it is necessary to economize flour, since you have destroyed the future harvest."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Mr. Blackstone—I er—doan' hardly know, Mis' Snowball, how I'se a-goin to begin dis prop prop- proposal I'se about to make; but——

Mrs. Snowball (sweetly)—Doan' be nervous, Pomp. I'se a widder, yer know.—Judge.

Adding Insult to Injury.

While conversing with Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin, an old maid of Houston, Tex., she asked a young man in a bantering tone:

"How old do you really think I am?"

"About thirty," he replied.

"You are joking," said Miss Longcoffin, indignantly.

"Well," said the wretch, looking at her more critically, "you can't be much older than thirty-five or forty."—Texas Siftings.

Mr. Epneck's Remonstrance.

"So," said Mrs. Epneck, "Mr. Marrymuch is in jail at last. Serves him right for having one wife too many!"

"Oh, see here now!" Mr. E. ventured to remonstrate. "If that's to be made a test—"

"Well?" very severely.

"Nothing; only I was wondering how you'll pass the time while I'm serving my sentence."—Life.

The First Cloud.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" cried the bride.

"What is it, dear?" asked the groom from the other end of the breakfast table.

"Y-y-you have bub-broken your pup-pup-promise," sobbed the bride. "You said nothing should ever come between us, and the bub-breakfast table is there now!"—Harper's Bazar.

What He Knew.

Wandering Raggles—I tell yon, fellers, that the present state of society is all wrong. Now Henry George says—

Reckless Bluiks—Henry George, indeed! Wot do yer know about Henry George?

Wandering Raggles—Well, I know all about progress and poverty from experience, anyway.—Munsey's Weekly.

Long Hair.

Mr. Nicefello—By the way, have you seen Miss Newbelle's hair? They say it drops almost to her feet.

Miss De Pink—So I have heard.

Little Brother—Why, Mr. Nicefello, that ain't nothin'. Th' other day sister's hair dropped clear to th' floor an' Fido ran off with it.—Good News.

His Very First Pair.

Angele—I wouldn't wear my gloves at dinner if I were you, uncle.

Uncle Philemon—Sh-sh, Angy! I've been a-watchin' folks all day long, an' I can't make up my mind when it shocks 'm t' see plain hands an' when it don't.—Judge.

A VAGUE LONGING.

Old Mr. Baldston (on his wedding journey)—If my little peach-blossom has any wish ungratified, she has only to express it.

Mrs. Baldston—You are so good, Teamechus. If you would only give me a real good spanking and send me home, the way dear old grandpa used to do, it would seem so-o-o natural.—Once a Week.

In the Wrong Office.

Peddler—My dear sir, do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into ink? Ten dips a minute means 600 dips an hour or 6,000 dips in ten hours and each dip consumes—

Business Man—Yes, I know; I have figured it all out.

Peddler—And yet I find you still writing in the old way.

Business Man—Yes, I am using the fountain pen you sold me about a month ago—using it in the old way because it won't write any other way.

Peddler—Beg pardon; I'm in the wrong office. Good day.—Good News.

A Flagrant Crime.

Mike (to the master of the house)—May it plaze yer honor, the coal man just druv into the yard and run over a little boy, sor.

Mr. Highlaw—Poor little fellow! You must take him to the hospital and have him well cared for.

Mike—And he run one of his wheels on the lawn, sor.

Mr. Highlaw—The wretch! Send for an officer. Such culpable carelessness must be punished.—Judge.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

A STRANGE STORY.

A Milwaukee Man Confesses a Crime for Which Others Were Punished.

The confession has been published of Patrick Toohey, who shot a street car driver named Grote in Milwaukee in 1883. For the crime two young men, Puetz and McCullough, of Bay View, were tried, found guilty and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. McCullough was pardoned on account of ill health, and died soon after his release. Puetz after serving his term was ill for a year from the effects of his confinement. Grote, the car driver who was shot, did not die, but lost the sight of one eye, and a year after became a mental wreck from the effect of his wound. His wife was so shocked by the attempt on her husband's life that she became a maniac, and died a few months later in an asylum.

Stolen Securities Returned.

A stranger recently left notes, mortgages and other papers, representing a value of over $30,000, with City Attorney Menzie at Beloit for examination. He claimed to have loaned $30 on them to a man in Milwaukee, who represented himself as an agent of Erastus Thayer, of Brandon, Vt. Mr. Menzie's suspicions were aroused, and he wrote Mr. Thayer, who is a banker, and learned that the documents were stolen from a train on the Rock Island road recently. Mr. Menzie forwarded the papers to Mr. Thayer.

Shot His Tormentors.

A party of young men were fooling about the house of David Lotta, at Vernon, rapping on the door and windows. He told them to go away, and when they would not rose from his bed, got a breech-loading carbine and fired through the window, the ball passing completely through the neck of Constantine Favor and through the coat sleeve of another member of the party. At last accounts Favor was alive, but the doctors said he could not live.

Driven to Suicide.

Josie Linberg, a girl of 17, whose body was discovered on the beach of Superior bay, committed suicide because Mrs. Estling, with whom she lived, thought she had given her child poison. The child was suffering from cholera infantum. Miss Linberg, when accused of poisoning the child, left the house and was never again seen alive. She drowned herself in 2 feet of water.

Lost a Pocketbook with $800.

Francis Hinton, manager of the Illinois Steel Company's Bay View rolling mills, while purchasing a ticket in Milwaukee for Lakeside left his pocketbook containing $800 on the counter at the Milwaukee & St. Paul depot. He did not miss the pocketbook until he reached Lakeside. He then telephoned the police, who made a search for it, but it had disappeared.

Pearl Fisheries Exhausted.

The pearl fisheries of the Wisconsin rivers have become exhausted and the clams which furnished them quite exterminated. Some valuable jewels were found last year and the excitement was so great that tons of the bivalves were dug out and rotted on the banks of the streams.

Death of Judge Myers.

George H. Myers, judge of the Tenth judicial circuit of Wisconsin, died at Appleton, aged 67 years. He had resided in Appleton forty-one years and been judge of the circuit court for fourteen years. He was considered one of the ablest judges in the state.

Capt. Jack Whittaker Dead.

Capt. Jack Whittaker, one of the most eccentric and best known characters of Oconomowoc, is dead, aged about 65 years. Capt. Whittaker was an early settler, with a wild, adventurous spirit, and led a rough life in the early days.

The News Condensed.

The Island View hotel property at Bayfield has been purchased by Mr. E. C. Eccles.

Mrs. Minnie C. Barrows, of Aberdeen, S. D., has become matron of the Indian school at Kewaunee.

William Ring, one of the oldest settlers of the St. Croix valley, died at Clear Lake. Mr. Ring was born in 1800.

The eleventh annual industrial exposition will open in Milwaukee on September 2, lasting until October 17.

Lon Merickle, sheriff of Oneida county, arrested Harry and Curtis Lashway, charged with violating the game law.

John M. Ewing, of Milwaukee, has been appointed chief of staff and special agent of the department of the interior for the world's fair.

Miss Mary Donnelly, of Merrill, has resigned the place which she occupied in the census office at Washington.

The reunion of the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Wisconsin regiments was held in Madison with about 350 old veterans present.

Stane & Dannenberger's sawmill at Prairie du Chien has shut down, throwing 200 hands out of employment.

Confirmed by a majority of the Episcopal diocese to the office of bishop of Milwaukee, Rev. Isaac Leo Nicholson will probably be consecrated in Philadelphia October 28.

The board of education of Chippewa Falls has let a contract for the erection of a $12,000 school building, to be completed about September. This will make the seventh school building in that city.

Miss Lizzie Maislin, of Appleton, paid $15.53 for horsewhipping Herman Marskel.

Charles Frank, of Medford, split his foot from the toes to the center with an ax. His brother Fred was suffering from a poisoned finger and was threatened with blood poisoning, and another brother was accidentally shot in the leg.

At a conference of Northern Wisconsin Congregationalists held at Pratt, it was decided to erect an academy in northern Wisconsin. Ashland has offered a site and building worth $30,000, and an endowment for the same amount.

Miss Lulie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Simmons of St. Louis, who have a summer residence at Oconomowoc, died there of consumption, aged 15 years.

The Wisconsin moss industry is said to be one of growing proportions, 10,000 bales having been sent from Mather alone this season for use in greenhouses and nurseries.

"Alf" Merrill has a spring upon his land on Lake Mendota, the water of which, he says, is finer than the celebrated Waukesha springs, according to analysis. The well is 10 feet square and 14 feet through the neck.

A WONDERFUL WELCH WOMAN.

Highly Accomplished and Possessed of Prodigious Strength.

In Welch lore we sometimes find things of doubtful authenticity, but the readers of this brief sketch may rest assured that it is no fiction. I find it in "Pennant's Tours in Wales," first published in England something over one hundred years ago, and lately brought out in the Welch language by the well known publisher, H. Humphreys, of Carnavon. I take it from the Welch edition. This phenomenal person was born about the year 1696, and brought up at Lianberis, North Wales. Nothing is said of any of her relatives. Mr. Pennant says:

"At the head of the lake there lives a very noted woman, Margaret Ach Ifan, and I was sadly disappointed on not finding her at home when I called. She is the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the daughters of the ancient Britons. At this writing (1776) she is about ninety years of age. In the line of hunting, shooting and fishing, in her active days, she had no equal. She kept at least a dozen dogs of the best breed; bloodhounds, grayhounds, setters and terriers. She would secure more foxes in one year than the other hunters combined would get in ten.

"In boating she was quite at home, and the queen of the lakes. She played finely on the violin, and was well acquainted with the Welsh melodies of her day. She was also a musical composer, and some of her pieces are highly spoken of. She made two harps on which she skillfully played. She was a good carpenter, shoemaker, tailor and blacksmith. She made her horse's shoes and shod them with her own hands. She built her own boats, in which, in harmony with an agreement, she conveyed the copper down the lakes from the foot of the Snowden. She composed poetry, and was a superior musical vocalist. She had more strength than any two men of her acquaintance. When sixty years of age she was more than a match for the best two wrestlers of the region, and she was never defeated. She received offers of marriage by the score, but for a long time she threw them all aside. At last, however, she smilingly accepted an offer from the feeblest of the lot."

In a Welsh volume in my possession—"Cymru Fu" (Wales of the past), I find the following, which, abbreviated, I insert as an addition to Mr. Pennant's account: "One day her little dog lanto stole the dinner of one of the miners. This so enraged the man that he instantly killed the dog. When Margaret heard of this she went to the miner's lodging place and found him standing with others outside of the house. She told him that she was willing to pay for the dog. The man, who was one of the largest and strongest in the neighborhood, laughed at her scornfully. In a threatening manner he approached her and commanded her to depart or she might share the fate of 'Ianto.' No sooner had he finished the sentence than a tremendous blow from Margaret's fist laid him senseless on the ground, where she left him and departed toward her home."

She died at the ripe age of 102, and it is said that she never, even for a day, was confined to her bed by sickness.—Utica (N. Y.) Herald.

OYER WAS HIS UNCLE.

He Had a Family Justification for Being Positive.

"He introduced himself to me by blandly contradicting a statement that I made to my companion concerning a matter in Chicago, about which I had rather intimate knowledge. A little later I remarked that the law in New York was so and so. He observed that I was mistaken. Of course the conversation did not concern him, but I was so foolish as to reply. I mentioned a case in the court of oyer and terminer. He replied severely that I quoted it incorrectly.

"Then—more foolishly—I got a little nettled and offered to bet and show him the report.

"'If the books hev it that way the books is wrong,' he answered, blandly.

"'Indeed,' said I, 'you seem to have a rather intimate acquaintance with oyer and terminer.' I thought that would crush him.

"'Huh—well, I should say,' he answered, triumphantly.

"That staggered me a little, but I ventured to ask him how he got it, and what do you think he said? Without changing a muscle he retorted:

"'Mr. Oyer is my uncle.'"—Chicago News.

Black Stockings.

Black stockings will continue in vogue the season through, and the announcement made that their use will be restricted to the street is absolutely untrue. They may really be worn with slippers and shoes of every color except white; but, of course, with gray, tan, scarlet, as well as with white slippers, the stocking to match looks better, and suggests greater care as to the perfection of detail in the costume. Fancy stockings—that is, those having printed figures upon them—are not refined, and can not be advised. If you haven't given the stitch in time, and a long stocking railroads a little below the knee, the best way to mend it is to buy a piece of the narrow flimsy black ribbon used sometimes for covering whalebones; lay this under the ripped stitches, baste it smoothly, and hem it down on both sides, first where the stocking has ripped to the ribbon, and then underneath hem the ribbon edge to the stocking. This will be found a much more satisfactory way of mending than is the long and intricate darn, which must, sometimes, extend over nearly half a yard of stocking.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Floating Farm.

While on a recent business tour in Alabama, I saw a curious phenomenon which is not to my knowledge repeated in any other part of the world, writes a correspondent. In Bibb county, not many miles from a town called Six Miles, at a barn on the Six Mile creek, there is a field of two or three acres which is over a subterranean lake. The soil is only three or four feet thick, and you can take a sharp pole and drive it through to the water beneath. Half a dozen men, jumping up and down at once in any particular spot, will make the cornstalks tremble for ten or twelve feet around. In the dryest seasons that patch of ground is always damp, not to say wet, and it can always be distinguished from the rest of the field by the luxuriant dark green of the corn planted on it. In one place a well has been dug to the water, and they say a 100-foot line failed to reach the bottom. The water is quite clear, and as cold as that of an ordinary spring, but there seems to be no current, and the local wonder is how the crust of earth got on top of the lake, and how it manages to stay there.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE COTTON BLOSSOM CLUB.

Brother St. Clair Williams Called Down for Being Too Pretty.

When the regular Saturday night meeting had been opened in due and ancient form, and the janitor had signalled that the thermometer showed ninety-eight degrees all over the hall, Brother Gardner looked around and inquired:

"Is Brudder St. Clair Williams present wid us dis evenin'?"

"He ar'," replied the individual alluded to, as he rose up.

"You will please step dis way."

Brother Williams is known as the jim-dandy of the club. He uses real bear's oil for his hair, wears patent-leather shoes and has been known to change collars twice a day since the warm weather set in. He has had his photograph taken in seven different poses, and has been known to pencil his eyebrows while riding on the front platform of a street car.

"Brudder Williams," said the president, as he looked down upon him, "you are 'sposed to be de purtiest an' sweetest member of dis Cotton Blossom club."

"Yes, sah," replied the brother, grinning at the compliment.

"Has you got any reg'lar bizness, Brudder Williams—any reg'lar bizness 'cept dat of lookin purty an' sweet?"

"I'ze a waitah, sah, but out of a job jist now."

"How long has you bin out of a job?"

"'Bout fo' months, sah."

"Is dat suit of clothes paid for?"

"Not quite, sah."

"Is you squar' on yer board?"

"I'ze a little behind, sah."

"Does you owe members of dis club borrowed money?"

"Jist a few dollars."

"Brudder Williams," continued the president, "I has had my eye on you since de fust night I sot in dis hall. I sized you up for a purty man, an' I see I was right. How you got into dis crowd, I can't say, but I kin easily tell you how you will get out of it! We doan' want no purty men heah. If we had a hop-yard, an' wanted sumthin' fur vines to climb up on, we could make use of you. You might do fur fish-bait, but we has no time to go fishin'. When a man sots out to be purty an' sweet, he ain't no good any mo'. When his only ambishun is to grease his ha'r, wax his mustache an' go long de street as if he was steppin' on aigs, he ain't wuth bein' bit by a ten-cent dawg. Brudder Williams, you is purty, but you owe mo' money dan you kin pay in two y'ars. You is sweet, but you has to dodge de tailor. You has an elegant way of liftin' yer hat, but de hat ain't paid fur. You walk like a guv'ner, but yer shoemaker duns you almos' ebery day."

"Y-yes, sah," stammered the victim.

"I am gwine to give ye a show. If durin' de comin' week ye kin find a job, git into some common clothes, arrange to pay yer debts, an' git rid of dat ha'r ile an' perfumy, you will still be carried on our rolls of membership. If not, you needn't come here agin'."

The pretty member returned to his chair in a state of great mental excitement, but after cooling off and thinking the matter over, he told Judge Cahiff that he had decided to stop being sweet and pretty and become one of the pillars of the club.—M Quad, in N. Y. World.

AN ATHLETIC YOUNG WOMAN.

Gymnasium Practice Enabled Her to Capture a Footpad.

One dark night a slender blonde young lady, who has gone in for gymnastic work till her slender limbs have muscles like steel springs, was walking along a dark street alone. It was only 8 or 8:30 o'clock, and the young lady wasn't timid, anyway.

One particularly dark place on her way home was where there was a dead wall all along one side of the street for nearly a square.

As she was passing the dead wall a half-grown negro jostled against her, and before she knew what he was after he grabbed her pocketbook and started to run.

For all her good sense and good muscle she carried her portmonnaie in her hand, as nine-tenths of the gentler sex do. But before the negro had time to get out of reach she sprang at him and had her strong fingers hooked into the collar of his ragged coat. A quick jerk threw the negro on his back on the brick pavement.

Then she dropped on her knees on the scared negro's chest, and seizing his head between her gloved hands she bumped it up and down on the bricks till he prayed for mercy. Then she picked up her pocketbook from where the negro had dropped it and went on her way home, her cheeks were red, but the glorious light of an athletic victory in her blue eyes.

This particular young lady, by the way, can jump and catch the top notch of the cornice over an open door, and, clinging to it merely by the strength of her dimpled fingers, raise herself up till her chin is on a level with her hands eight or nine times without stopping.—Washington Post.

A Lost Locomotive.

Says a locomotive engineer: "I once had an interesting experience with a quicksand. My engine ran off low a bridge near River Bend, about one hundred miles east of Denver, and fell into a small creek filled with quicksands. A wrecking train came up in a few hours, but the engine had entirely disappeared. The railroad officials ordered it raised, but it could not be found. We sounded with rods to a depth of over sixty feet, but not a trace did we discover of the engine, which had vanished as completely as if it had never existed. Four years afterward it was found at a depth of over one hundred feet, and was raised. We then ascertained that there was scarcely a bit of rust on it, the breaks were few and after a little tinkering it was put upon the road again. The sand had kept out the air and prevented the iron from oxidizing."—N. Y. Tribune.

One on the Lawyer.

An old man was on the witness stand and was being cross-examined by the lawyer.

"You say you are a doctor, sir?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"What kind of a doctor?"

"I make intments, sir. I make intments."

"What's your ointment good for?"

"It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind."

"What effect would it have if you were to rub some of it on my head?"

"None at all, sir; none at all. We must have something to start with."—Gainesville Eagle.

—An Unexpected Answer.—Brakeman (calling the station)—"Hoosick!" Young Lady (who has been annoyed by the offensive attentions of a jewelry salesman)—"I am!"—Jewelers' Weekly.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Clothes pins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.

—A gargle of salt and water used before retiring at night will strengthen the throat and keep off bronchial attacks.

—Ornamental furniture inlaid with brass or buhl should not be placed near the fire, as metal expands when warm and becomes too large for the space.

—To remove stains from marble make a paste of whiting and alcohol, and cover the stain. Let it remain on until dry, then wash off with warm water and soap.

—Delicately-colored goods of any kind should never be washed without a salt water bath first, but care should be exercised in reference to materials which are likely to shrink when immersed in water.

—The water-tank or cooler in which the drinking water is kept should be lined with porcelain, and it should be emptied and thoroughly cleansed every morning before the fresh water and ice are put in.

—Use a salad-dressing made with sour cream for vegetables by way of variety. Into one cupful of sour cream stir one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a very little cayenne-pepper. Beat together thoroughly.—N. Y. World.

—Boiled Custard: Boil the milk in a double kettle and let it cool. Take for every quart of milk the yellows and half the whites of six eggs. Stir constantly until scalding hot. Sweeten to taste and flavor. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and pour over the custard. Some ornament this custard with flakes of red jelly, but it makes a less elegant appearance.—Detroit Free Press.

—Almond Custard: One-fourth pound almonds, blanched and pounded, one quart sweet milk, two pounds white sugar, six eggs, well beaten, one tablespoon essence of lemon. Mix these ingredients together and bring to a boil, then take them off the fire and stir until lukewarm. Turn into cups or molds for use. Just before serving cover with whites of eggs well beaten.—Housekeeper.

—Always dissolve gelatine in an equal measure of cold water; if put into hot water at first a strong taste is developed. It will dissolve in fifteen minutes, but may stand two hours without injury. Pure gelatine, if properly cooked, has no taste. It has very little nutriment, but yet is useful as a food element. In summer more gelatine is needed, for the same results, than in winter.

—For molding blanc-mange, creams and jellies, the familiar forms of the pineapple, ear of corn, bunch of grapes or peach are the most satisfactory. Cheap tin molds, used with care, will last a long time; those of heavier tin or the imported molds are somewhat expensive. Earthenware molds are easily kept sweet, and are the best for some purposes, but they hold the heat a long time, and the figure is not distinctly marked in the ware.—Boston Budget.

—For stewed codfish, cut a small cod into three or four equal-sized pieces, wash them in salt and water and put them in a kettle with no more water than will cling to them. Add a blade of mace and two tablespoonfuls of butter divided in halves, one of them having a scant tablespoonful of flour rubbed into it. Add salt to taste, and a little white pepper (powdered) at the very last. Let it cook slowly and well-covered for fifteen or twenty minutes, and serve the fish and sauce in the same dish.

Selecting a Watermelon.

The eating of watermelon is an art learned only by long and varied experience. It isn't a fruit with which to begin one's breakfast, or for that matter to begin or end one's dinner, that is, if one expects to eat other things. It is quite an art to select a choice melon without cutting a small hole through its fat, green sides, but it can be done; the same as an expert can tell a counterfeit from a genuine bill—by the feeling and general appearance. The dark green of the melon should be the color of English ivy leaves; the yellowish spot underneath caused by its contact with mother earth should be tested with the pressure of the finger. The spot should have a springy resistance and the indentation thus made should not be noticeable when the finger is removed. If it remains the melon is too ripe and not likely to be watery. If no depression can be made the melon is not ripe enough.—N. Y. Herald.

The Instep Fad.

An instep pad is a new fad of those fair women who are so unfortunate as to be possessed of a "low-bred" foot. It is simply a linen pad fitted in place directly over where the instep should be but very often isn't. If such a fashion becomes general it will compel shoemakers to keep a stock of shoes with high insteps, and the moderately low heels now demanded alike by good sense and fashion. It is next to impossible now to get a shoe with a high instep, except one made on what is known as the "Spanish last," and a ridiculously-exaggerated heel is a part of the make-up of these shoes.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Cunliffe Lister, one of the new English peers, laid the foundation of his great wealth by mechanical inventions. His first great hit was a wool-combing machine, and his second was a device for utilizing silk waste, which had previously been sold at a cent a pound, in making silk plush. Unlike many of this class of men, he did not begin life a poor boy, but had a father endowed with sense and means, who gave him a mill instead of a university education. Originally it was intended to make a parson of him—the usual destiny of a fourth son of a country gentleman.

—Dr. Charles Eastman, the Sioux Indian to whom Elaine Goodale was married, was a good deal of an athlete while at Dartmouth. His practice sometimes disturbed students underneath and near his room. On one occasion some eighty sufferers paid him a visit to throw him out of the window. The civilized Sioux met them with a revolver and a dumb-bell. It is unnecessary to say he was not thrown out.

—Caprice is the predominating quality of a hen in Walla Walla, Wash. Nearly every day she varies the size of her eggs. One day she laid an egg weighing six ounces; a few days later she laid one as small as a pigeon's, and later she outdid all her previous performances by laying one the size and shape of a peanut.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—The electric light of 20,000,000 candle-power in the lighthouse at Hanstholm, coast of Jutland, said to be the most powerful light in the world, is now lighted for service.

—Electricity derives its name from the Greek word for amber, electron, because Thales, about 600 B. C., discovered that amber, when rubbed, attracts light and dry bodies, and in the twelfth century the scientific priests of Etruria drew lightning from the clouds with iron rods.

—The city of Appleton, Wis., is to be lighted by electricity. In this there is nothing remarkable, but the reason given for the resolution of the city council on the adoption of the electric light is an entirely novel one—being that better light than gas is required from the fact that at present so many women are insulted nightly in the streets.

—An account of an interesting balloon ascension experiment is told by a traveler who has recently returned from Thorn, Prussia. The balloon was 13x15 metres, and required 1,000 metres of gas to fill it. The car was connected by telephone with a near-by fortress. The apparatus worked splendidly both ways, and the voice of the commandant of the garrison could be distinctly heard at a height of 600 metres.

—In view of the fact that the statistics on the use of the telegraph during the year 1890 in the various European countries will shortly be published, it is interesting to note that the number of telegrams for every 100 inhabitants during 1889 is as follows: Great Britain, 163; France, 88; Germany, 45; Italy, 26; Austria, 20; Hungary, 19; Russia, 9. For 1888 the figures are: Great Britain, 140; France, 80; Germany, 42; Italy, 30; Austria, 22; Hungary, 19; Russia, 9.

—The cutting of veneers is now done by electricity. The veneering machine, instead of cutting or shaving around the entire circumference of the log, as usual, takes a thin slice from the flat side of it. The logs are of any diameter and are cut into lengths of ten feet. The veneering cutting knife is fixed between two parallel shafts and the log is carried up and down in front of it with a circular motion by revolving cranks and is fed against the knife by a rachet and pawl in the ordinary manner.

The Only One Ever Printed. Can You Find the Word?

Each week, a different 3 inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either ad., except One word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade mark. Read the ad. carefully and when you find the word, send it to them and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs and sample free.

Engaged couples may not average larger than other people, yet they are often distinguished by their sighs.—Lowell Courier.

Don't be Bulldozed

By a rebellious liver. Though it may refuse to be brought into subjection by ordinary cathartics and cholagogues, though it may continue to destroy your peace with its manifold unpleasant symptoms, be assured that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will effectually discipline it, promptly rectify its irregularities. Malaria, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney complaints are also remedied by the Bitters.

"Right shoulder shift," exclaimed the old army surgeon as he pulled a dislocated arm into place.—Binghamton Republican.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her. Now why not be fair about it and buy her a box!

"Our parrot is dead," wrote a little girl, "and a poll seems to have settled over the family."—Texas Siftings.

Sea air roughens the skin. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

A tree is green when in foliage and a boy is green in his folly-age.—Binghamton Republican.

Biliousness, dizziness, nausea, headache, are relieved by small doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

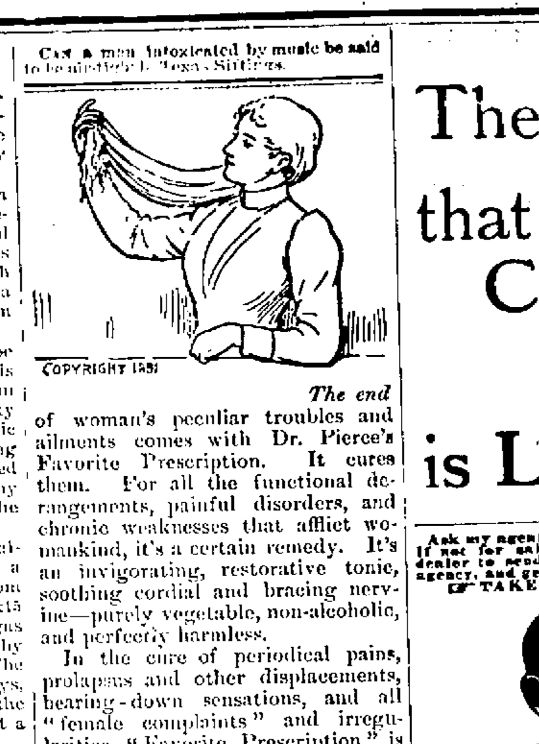
Jagson says he has found more grass widows in clover than in weeds.—Elmira Gazette.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

The oarsman points to the river as a bed of rowses.—Washington Star.

If tastes didn't differ restaurants would have an easy time.—Lowell Mail.

Can a man intoxicated by music be said to be air-tight?—Texas Siftings.



The end of woman's peculiar troubles and ailments comes with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures them. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, it's a certain remedy. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine—purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless.

In the cure of periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and irregularities, "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine that's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't give satisfaction in every case, you have your money back. You pay only for the *good* you get. Can you ask more?

The easiest way is the best. Regulate the liver, stomach, and bowels with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cleanse and renovate the system—thoroughly and naturally. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, are prevented, relieved, and cured.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure. ®

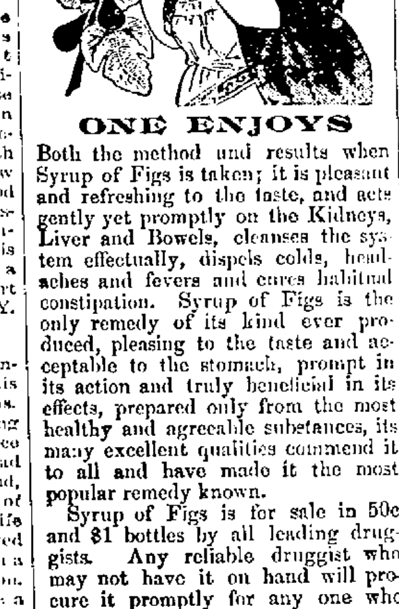
G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Do your shopping. Visit your neighbors. Attend to your sewing. Put your roast in the oven of

CHARTER OAK RANGES

OR STOVES.

They will require no watching or basting. You'll do better cooking.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

LIFE'S HISTORY;

Its Smiles and Tears. Such is the course of life, made up of sunshine and gloom, gladness and sorrow, riches and poverty, health and disease. We may dispel the gloom, banish the sorrow and gain riches; but sickness will overtake us, sooner or later. Yet, happily, that enemy can be vanquished; pains and aches can be relieved; there is a balm for every wound, and science has placed it within the reach of all. There is no discovery that has proven so great a blessing as Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. In malarial regions, where Fever and Ague, Bilious Diseases and ailments incident to a deranged liver prevail, they have proven an inestimable boon, as a hundred thousand living witnesses testify.

Tutt's Liver Pills
SURE ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

★ COCA- ★ CALISAYA TONIC

Combined with Sulphate of Hydrastia.

A Valuable Remedy in all forms of DEBILITY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, DYSPEPSIA, CONVALESCENCE from Fever and attendant complaints, and in all cases of Impaired Digestion, attended with loss of appetite, despondency, sleeplessness, etc. Unequaled as a Nerve Tonic for overworked men and weak, nervous women.

This remedy acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Price, per pint bottle $1; 6 bottles for $5. For sale by druggists generally or sent express paid on receipt of price. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY TAYLOR & MYERS PHARMACY CO., 109 E. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn.

Six-page circular of prominent physicians' recommendations mailed free.

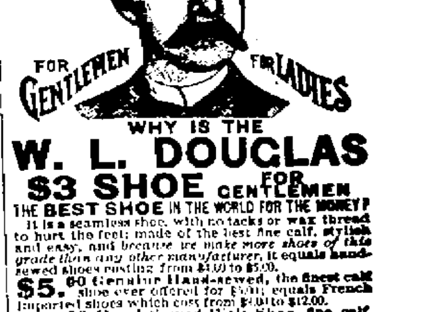
SALESMEN and Agents everywhere. Write C. O. CHAPIN, 152 S. Clark Street, Chicago. Have splendid selling 20 CENT ARTICLE.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

with our famous Well Machinery. The only perfect self-cleaning and fast-dropping tools in use.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO. Catalogue FREE.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.
☞ TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. ☜



WHY IS THE W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and *because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2.25 and **$2.00** Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

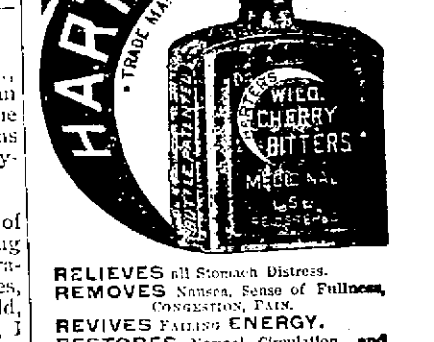
Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



RELIEVES all Stomach Distress.
REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness, Congestion, Pain.
REVIVES Failing ENERGY.
RESTORES Normal Circulation, and Warms to Toe Tips.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

NO CHANGE OF CLIMATE NEEDED.

ASTHMA

WE WILL SEND YOU TESTIMONY FROM PEOPLE WHO LIVE NEAR YOU.

CURED TO STAY CURED.

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

☞ WRITE TO US FOR PROOFS. ☜

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Tower's Improved SLICKER is Guaranteed Absolutely Water-proof. Will not Peel Leak or Stick. All Improved Slickers have Soft Woolen Collar. Watch Out! A. J. TOWER, MFR. BOSTON, MASS. Send for Catalogue.

Rheumatism Cured.

—DR. ALLAN'S—
GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY!

For COMPLETE and PERMANENT CURE of RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. SUFFERERS THIS IS YOUR LAST and ONLY opportunity. WE GUARANTEE. $1 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00. We pay express charges. THE ALLAN MEDICINE CO., 254 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A. Agents Wanted everywhere. A great Remedy. Sells without effort. One million bottles sold in 90 days. Think of that. Write at once for terms.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Constipation Cured

WITHOUT MEDICINE, CHANGE OF DIET OR ENEMA.

Approved by regular physicians. Circulars, testimonials and references sent FREE, or full directions for self treatment on receipt of One Dollar.

E. E. WEBSTER, Kansas City, Mo.

I DO NOT I DO I do not say I am the only reliable and successful and my business is only for public benevolence. I do say I am successful, business at a fair profit on perfectly sound and honorable methods. Send me small bottle of your urine with history of your case and I will send you particulars of your disease. DR. T. N. CROWLEY, Terre Haute, Ind.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

MACALESTER COLLEGE Beautifully located between St. Paul and Minneapolis. A thorough education may be had at small expense. Address The Dean.

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HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Trial lesson free. Bryant & Stratton, Buffalo, N. Y.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

A. N. K.—G. 1356.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

SHIP YOUR WHEAT

To WOODWARD & COMPANY, Minneapolis or Duluth.

SUPPLYING MENAGERIES.

How the Wild Animals Are Secured in Africa and Asia.

Edouard Darling, of Hamburg, has been a professional tamer of wild beasts since boyhood; but he is not only a tamer, he is also a buyer for the great circus menageries, and to secure wild beasts makes frequent journeys to Africa and Asia, generally to the former country, for lions, since the Asiatic variety is very scarce.

"We go to Cape Town and then by steamer to Delagoa bay whence we fit out an expedition for the interior. We take no money, but brass buttons, gaudy garments, cotton cloth, old guns, powder, lead, brass wire, etc.

"Before long runners meet us and hasten on ahead to tell their tribes that a white man is on the road to buy lions. Then the chief men of the tribes come to meet us and tell of what animals they have.

"By this time we are away up in the interior, and the tribe hasn't any lions to suit. So we camp out for a week or two, because the chief says he knows where he can get just the beast we want. Then off he goes with his followers far into the jungle, and there they dig a huge pit, which is covered with a flooring containing a trap-door; over this flooring earth and sod and leaves are strewn to disguise it, and a bleating kid is tied to the concealed trap-door. Then the men retire, and that evening several lions hear the kid bleating. They come nearer and nearer, but refrain from going close to the kid, suspecting something wrong; but at last the bravest, the most venturesome (generally the biggest in the group) makes a dash. He springs into the air and lands on the kid with sufficient force to release the trap door, and down he tumbles into the pit.

"There he is left for days and days, until exhausted by hunger and thirst. Then a trench is dug from the surface of the ground to that side of the pit on which is a strong gate. A piece of raw meat is hanging into the cage, which is placed close to the gate of the pit. This gate and the doors of the cage are opened.

"The lion leaps for the meat, when, crack! down goes the door of the cage, and he is a prisoner. The cage is then hoisted to the surface of the ground and is placed upon a bullock wagon, which takes it to the coast.

"The principal elephant depot is the island of Ceylon, where the natives go out with tame elephants and drive the wild ones into an inclosure, where they are chained. Elephants vary in price. In Burmah you can sometimes get a good animal for one thousand dollars, and, again, Jumbo brought at first some ten thousand dollars.

"Tigers, in Singapore, are sold all the way from one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars, while lions brought into the United States cost thousands of dollars.

"The rarest animals are giraffes, which do not thrive in captivity. If you can land a pair of them in this country, they will bring five thousand dollars or six thousand dollars."—Golden Days.

"THE SILENT DANE."

Incidents in the Life of the Late Count Von Moltke.

In his early manhood Moltke was called "The Silent Dane," and later he was popularly known as "The Great Taciturn;" yet he could speak seven languages fluently. Although one of the world's profoundest and sternest soldiers, he was one of the most modest and affectionate of them. Occasionally one might see him in Berlin driving in a plain cab, or sauntering along a principal street looking in at the shop windows, but few recognized him. He was as regular as the sun in his daily tasks; and even in the lighter employments of his long life he was ever painstaking and methodical. Out of these traits grew, withal, his fine literary ability, that, besides his published letters, produced several valuable military histories.

The crowning honor of his life was the way Germany celebrated the completion of his ninetieth year. From the Baltic to the Alps, from the Vosges to the Vistula, every household joined in the great jubilee, hung out the national colors and likenesses of Moltke in flags and torches. Berlin was decorated as enthusiastic as it had never before bee for any private citizens. German throughout the world set apart October 26, 1890, as a fete-day for the Vaterland, and a day of praises and congratulations for her greatest soldier. The grim old field-marshal was taciturn almost by necessity, being nearly smothered by honors and rich presents; but when the city fathers of Berlin sent him their greetings, accompanied by the sum of fifty thousand marks as a charity fund for the relief of the aged and infirm, he replied: "Gentlemen, say to your council that this gift touches my heart, and that of the many and rich presents I have received to-day, this is the most valued." When since the death of Washington has the world seen a more modest, complete, successful, and noble life?—Harper's Weekly.

DOUGHNUTS FOR BREAKFAST.

They Are Served with Honey Every Morning in the Old Town of Corfu.

The narrow, dirty streets of Corfu, cluttered up with all sorts of marketing and wares, presented a rather strange appearance to us as we walked up from the landing on the afternoon of our arrival, writes a traveler. The odd signs above the doors, in the good old Greek characters, and the short pants and petticoat costumes of the inhabitants made us realize agian that we were among a totally different people.

Although the Greek people of Corfu have changed somewhat by their contact with the English, they have still the common Greek characteristics. We found no better place in which to study their habits and customs than in the many "Galatopolcions," or Greek "coffee houses," which they frequent.

This is a favorite resort in the morning for breakfast, where, instead of the English coffee, hot milk, or "Gala," is served out by the bowl or glass from a large kettle sitting on the burning charcoals. This is usually taken with a plate of doughnuts and honey. The doughnuts are made of pancake batter, formed by the hand and thrown into a pot of boiling lard. When served with the wild honey of Greece and sprinkled with cinnamon they furnish a diet that has but one defect, and that is that it is never large enough.

Every morning since our arrival in Greece we have been regular visitors to one of these resorts, to get our plate of doughnuts and honey.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Harvard College was founded in 1636, Yale in 1701. William and Mary, of Virginia, was chartered in 1693.

—The gain in school enrollment in New Mexico in 1890 is 283 per cent, while the gain in population is only 28 per cent.

—It is stated that Philadelphia has at the present time 610 Sunday schools, 16,939 officers and teachers and 178,865 scholars.

—Throughout France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are about 28,000 of these schools.

—The moment we begin to explain away the miraculous and supernatural we surrender the Bible. Take the supernatural out of the Bible and we make it a collection of fables.

—One-third of the students in Europe, it is said, die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college, one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe.

—The Baptist Educational Society has been in operation two years, and in that time has distributed $160,000 among institutions of different grades on terms that have been accepted by these institutions, and will, on compliance with the conditions, yield endo ments amounting to between $900,000 and $1,000,000.

—The American Tract Society has just completed fifty years of colporter work, during which the number of volumes circulated has been 13,560,245; public meetings addressed, 466,750; families visited, 15,630,020; families found without the Bible, 691,816. Its appropriations for work in foreign fields have amounted to more than $700,000.

—The Moravian Church having decided to establish a mission in East Central Africa, volunteers have offered and five pioneers are probably already on their way to Lake Nyassa. The position selected is just north of Lake Nyassa, at Rungewe in the Ukukwe country—a fine mountain peak, on whose fertile slopes there are several eligible sites for a mission station.

—The Medical Missionary Record says: "At Lahore, India, the medica, work at two missionary dispensaries, one of which is exclusively for women and girls, is in charge of a native physician and his wife, who has also a medical certificate. In a year over thirty thousand cases have been treated, and in each case the sufferer was pointed to Christ."

—Mr. Chilton, of Texas, will be the youngest man in the United States Senate. He is but thirty-six. Mr. Morrill, at the age of eighty-one, is the oldest. Of young men may be mentioned Kyle and Irby, who are thirty-seven; Dubois, who is forty; Turpie, who is forty-two; Kenna and Pettigrew and Hansbrough, who are forty-three; Dixon and Faulkner, who are forty-four, and Hill, who is forty-five. Brown, Dawes, Barbour, Pugh, and Palmer are, except Morrill, the only senators over seventy, and they are but little past that mark.

Lands for Sale!

Lands for sale by Shaw & Dorr, located only one or two miles south of Rhinelander, Section 8, 17, 18 and 19, Township 36, Range 9 East. Much of these lands suitable for farming purposes, at present covered with maple, birch, hemlock and some pine. Prices range from 7 to 10 dollars per acre. For particulars enquire of G. R. Shaw or B. F. Dorr, Antigo, Wis. Jy23tf.

NOTICES FOR PUBLICATION,
Land Office at Wausau Wis., June 25, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claims, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander Wis., on August 12, 1891, viz:

George W. Welstead, H. E. No., 6361 for the N. W. ¼ N. W. ¼ Sec 6 Tp. 36 N of R 9 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Michael Cunningham, A. J. Wilcox, E. B. Crofoot, Charles E. Woodard of Rhinelander.

Also Oloff Swan H. E. No. 6330 for the S. W. ¼ N E ¼ Sec 32 Tp. 37 N of R 9 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: John Johnson, James M. Olcutt, John Longlin, Charles Beralund of Rhinelander Wis.

Also Mathew Benson, H. E. 6330 for the S w ¼ S w ¼ and lot 2 Sec 1 Township 36 N of R 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz; Edward Johnson, Chris Hanson, George A. Mack, Samuel Moore of Rhinelander

E. B. Sanders, Register.

6w—July2-Aug. 6

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis. July 2, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, wis., on August 15, 1891, viz:

John Schliesman, H. E. No. 6243 for the Lot 1, Sec. 23, Township 37, N of R 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Charles Williams, of Rhinelander,
William Royce, " "
Donald McDonald, " "
John Laly, " "

E. B. Sanders, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,
Land Office at Wausau, Wis. June 30, 1891,

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or clerk of the Circuit court at Rhinelander, Wis. on Aug. 15, 1891, viz: Anders G. Husselquist H E No. 6671 for the S E ¼ Sec. 26 T 37 N. of R 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz. Martin Erickson, John Lundberg, P. J. Haselquist and Peter Peterson all, of Rhinelander Wis.

E. B. Sanders Register,

6w July 2 Aug. 6

NOTICES FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis. June 24, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on August 12, 1891, viz:

William H Kaiser, H. E. No. 6351, for the lots 3, 4 and 7, Section 26, Township 37 N of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

David L. Anderson, Thos. M. Hines Oscar L. Frazier, Peter F. Seibel, of Rhinelander, Wis. Also, David L. Anderson, H. E. No. 6356, for the Lots 2, 3 and 7, Section 25, Township 37 N of Range 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: William H. Kaiser, Thomas M. Hines, Oscar L. Frazier, Peter F. Seibel, of Rhinelander, Wis.

Also Peter F. Seibel, H. E. No. 7858, for the NE ¼, Section 26, Township 37 N of Range 8 East He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: William H. Kaiser, Thomas M. Hines, Oscar L. Frazier, David L. Anderson, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin,

E. B. Sanders, Register.

6w—july2-aug6

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., JULY 16, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on Aug. 29, 1891, viz: Charles Doran, H. E. No. 6171, for the Lot 1, Sec. 31, Township 37 N. of Range 9 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Nicholas Gerhard, H. C. Bode, E. D. Briggs, and Frank Oetman, of Rhinelander, Wis.

6w-Jy23-A27 E. B. Sanders, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,
Land Office at Wausau, Wis., July 21, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or clerk of the circuit court at Rhinelander, Wis., on August 29, 1891, viz:

John A. Cushman, H. E. No. 6256, for the SW¼ SW¼, Sec. 1, Lot 1, Sec. 6, Lot 1, sec. 8 and Lot 1 Sec. 9, Township 37 N of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Uriah Fletcher, Allen J. McKinnon, Thomas McDermot and Otto Olson, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

E. B. Sanders, Register.

6w—jul23-sep3

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis., July 7, 1891,

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, on August 20, 1891, viz: Sarah J. Nixon, H. E. No. 6317, for the SW¼ SW¼ and E½ SW¼ and Lot 5, Sec. 25, Tp. 38, North R. 7, East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz.

Charles Reif, Richard Wesley, Peter Alberts and John Henry, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

E. B. Sanders, Register.

6wJy9-Ag13.

Notice of Vacating Part of Village Plat.

Notice is hereby given at the next general term of the circuit court for the County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin, to be held at the Court House, in the Village of Rhinelander, in said county, on the 19th day of October, 1891, at the opening of court on the first day of said term, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, the undersigned Rhinelander Iron Company, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of Wisconsin, being the proprietors of a portion of the village plat hereinafter mentioned, will make application to said court for an order and judgment vacating that portion of Messer Street extending from the South line of Phillip Street to the north line of the right of way of the Milwaukee Lake Shore and Western Railway Company and the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie Railway Company, the same being a part of the 2nd replat of a portion of Mill Lots C and D and the 1st replat of a portion of Block 6 in the Village of Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wisconsin.

RHINELANDER IRON COMPANY.
Dated July 7th, 1891. By Alban & Barnes, Its Attorneys.
8w-july30-s17.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., JULY 27, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander wis., on September 12, 1891, viz: Edward B. Crofoot, Homestead Entry No. 6358, for the NE frl ¼ Section 1, Township 36, North of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: George W. Welstead, C. S. Crofoot, Thomas Sullivan and Lewis Larson, all of Rhinelander, wisconsin. E. B. Sanders,
Jul30-Sep3 6w Register.

GUARDIAN SALE.

IN PROBATE, WAUPACA COUNTY COURT. In the matter of the guardianship of minor heir of Peter Johnson deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of License made in said matter on the 25th day of June A. D. 1891, by the County Court of said County, the undersigned guardian of said minor heir will on Thursday, the 30 day of July A. D. at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Paul Browne's Law office in the village of Rhinelander Oneida Co., Wisconsin offer at Public Vendue the following described lands, to-wit: Lot eleven (11) and the North west half of Lot ten (10) in Block Four (4) first addition to village of Rhinelander Oneida County Wisconsin. The terms of sale cash.
Dated at Waupaca this 24 day of June A. D. 1891 A. L. Rowe Guardian

The above sale is hereby adjourned until the 19th day of August, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the office of Paul Browne, Esq., at Rhinelander, Wisconsin. A. L. Rowe, Guardian.
Dated July 30, 1891. 1p

HOTELS.

The Fuller House,
Stevwright & Stapleton, Props.
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN EVERY RESPECT.
First-class Sample Room in Connection. Headquarters for Commercial Men. Rates $2. per day.

The Soo House,
Near M. S. S. M. & A. Depot.
JAY MARTIN, Proprietor.
First-class Accommodations for Commercial Men. Fine Sample Room.

Lake View House.
CHAS. WILSON, PROP.
Day and week board at reasonable rates. A first-class house in every respect. Headquarters for Michigan men

JAMES G. DUNN'S
City Dray Line.
Will attend promptly to any business in that line.

Oneida House.
Thos. Crowley, Prop.
—First-class Hotel in Every Respect.—
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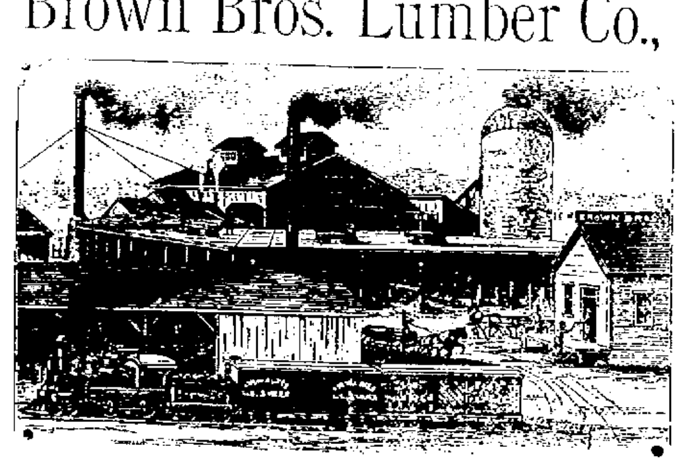

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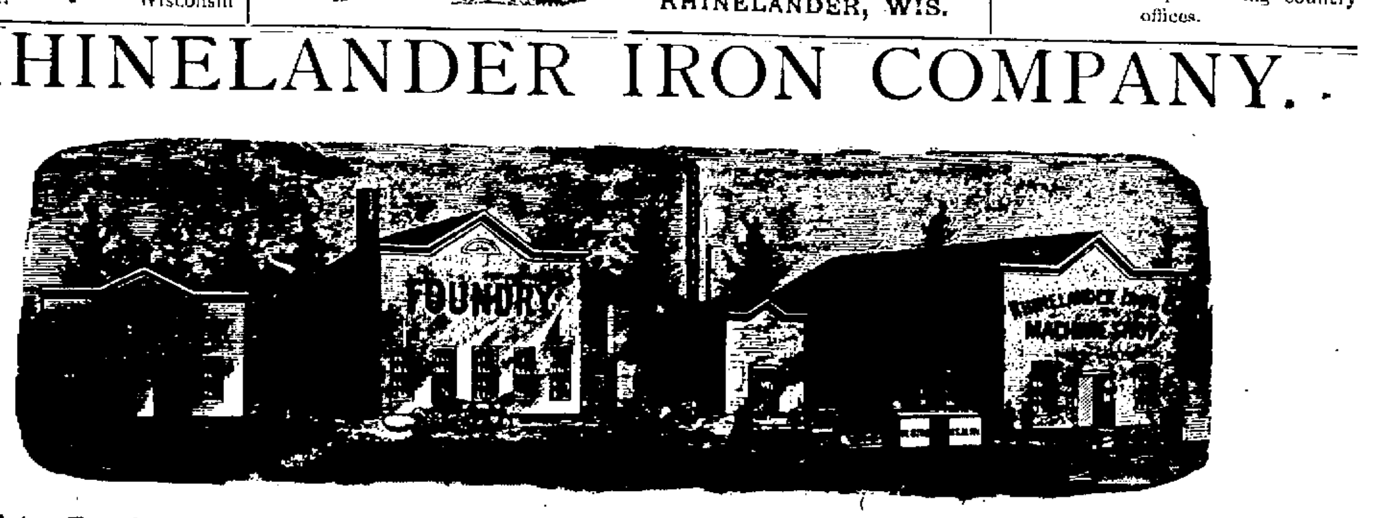

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